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July, 1918.

Antiente Epitaphes.

Essex epitaphs

Maud de Mortimer, Tilty, 2.
Richard & Joan Wood, Waldon (Essex), 10
Sir John Smith, Great Ilford - - - - 14
John & Joan Cressy, Waltham Abbey - 16
William, Isabel, & Christian Goldwyre, Coggeshall -
Thomas Tusser, St. Mildred's Poultry (born at Rivenhall) - - - - - - - - 30
Thomas Wiseman, Great Waltham - 44
Anne Andrews, died at Chigwell - - 59

See page 4.

man com + se holk schal alle dede le: wen yolk comes bad + bare
noth hab ven ve alkay fare: Alt ys ozermes ye ve for care ::
Rot ye ve do for godysluf ve baue nothyng yare. Hundyr
yis graue lys John ye smyth god yif his soule heuen grit.

BRIGHTWELL BALDWIN & CO.
C 1370

Antiente Epitaphes

(From A.D. 1250 to A.D. 1800)

Collected & sett forth in Chronologicall order

BY

Thomas F. Ravenshaw, M.A., F.S.A.

London:
JOSEPH MASTERS & CO.
m.dccc.lxxviii.

"I will offer vnto yovr view a nvmber of choice Epitaphes of yovr Nation for matter and conceit, ſome good, ſome bad, that you may ſee how Learning ebbed and flowed."—*Remaines concerning Britaine, by* Wm. Camden, 1636.

PN
6290
R19a

THE Epitaphs ſet forth on the following pages have been collected from many and various ſources during the laſt five and twenty years.

Thoſe which were formerly in the old City Churches are taken, of courſe, from *Weever* and *Stow*,[1] in whoſe volumes they happily were enſhrined previous to the deſtruction of the originals in the Great Fire.

A very large number I have myſelf copied from tablets, head-ſtones, and braſſes; many have been ſent me by friends; others I have found in various County hiſtories, and in the earlier ſeries of "Notes and Queries," &c. &c.

They are here arranged chronologically, with a view to ſhew, in ſome degree, the ſtyles which prevailed at different periods.

The frontiſpiece is a reduced *fac-ſimile* of the earlieſt epitaph in Engliſh.

PEWSEY RECTORY, WILTS.
1878.

[1] ANTIENT FVNERAL MONVMENTS, by IOHN WEEVER. LONDON, 1631. The SVRVAY of LONDON written in the yeere 1598 by IOHN STOW, & ſince then continued & much enlarged. LONDON, 1618.

918126

Corrigenda et Notanda.

Page 17. *John Reed.* The earlier portion of this inſcription is loſt.

,, 36. The name *Henry Dypforde* ſhould be prefixed to the Berry-Pomeroy epitaph.

,, 39. *William Kerwin.* The eccentric arrangement of the lines is the ſame as on the tablet.

,, 53. *Jane Gee.* For bookes read hookes. See Appendix for the Latin verſion.

,, 66. — *Meredeth.* The fifth and ſixth lines ſhould read thus:

"Death, finding him receaving Cuſtomes, lookes
Tyme's records, ſvmde his days, and croſſ'd the bookes."

,, ,, For *Somerſet* read *Glouceſterſhire.*

,, 71. The *Forteſcue Monument* is put at too early a date, 1650 is more probable. Hugo Forteſcue, who erected it, did not die till 1661.

,, 80. *Rev. J. Dickes.* A comma ſhould be inſerted in the firſt line, after *optima.*

,, 86. *Rev. J. Fletcher.* In firſt line inſert the word *hic* after *ſimul.*

,, 110. *Elizabeth Prince.* In firſt line, for Κίρνον read Κρίνον.

,, 124. For *Thomas* read *Laurence Cole.*

,, 129. For *S. Mullyon* read *Mullyon.*

,, 146. For *J. Aſhe* read *Aſke.*

,, 150. *Mr. R. Tully.* For 1725 read 1675.

The Compiler of this Volume will be grateful to any who will ſend him corrections or additions for inſertion in a ſecond and improved edition, ſhould ſuch ever be called for.

ANTIENTE EPITAPHES.

---

c. 1250. *Gundrada, Daughter of William the Conqueror, Foundreſs of S. Pancras, Lewes.*

STIRPS . GUNDRADA . DVCV̄ . DEC̄ . EVI . NOBILE . GERMEN :
INTVLIT . ECCLESIIS . ANGLORV̄ . BALSAMA . MORV̄ :
MARTIR . . . . . .
[MARTHA . F]VIT . MISERIS . FVIT . EX . PIETATE . MARIA .
PARS . OBIIT . MARTHE: SVPEST̄ . PARS . MAGNA . MARIE .
O . PIE . PANCRATI . TESTIS . PIETATIS . ET . EQUI .
TE . FACIT . HEREDE̅: TV . CLEMENS . SVSCIPE . MATREM :
SEXTA . KALENDARV̄ . JVNII . LVX . OBVIA . CARNIS .
IFREGIT . ALABASTRV̄ . . . . . .

Now at Southover, Suſſex.

[*The lower end of the ſtone Coffin-lid is broken off. Gundrada died A.D.* 1085, *but Mr. Boutell conſiders the Coffin to be not earlier than* 1250.]

1261. *Ela, Abbeſs of Lacock.*

INFRA . SVNT . DEFOSSA
QUE . DEDIT . HAS . SEDES
ABBATISSA . QVIDEM .
ET . COMITISSA . SARVM .
ELE . VENERABILIS . OSSA
SACRAS . MONIALIBVS . EDES .
QVE . SANCTI . VIXIT . IBIDEM
VIRTVTVM . PLENA . BONARVM

Lacock Abbey, Wilts.

c. 1280. *Sir John de Frevile.*

✠ Ici . gist . sire . Johan . de . Friuile . qi . fust . seigniour . de . ceste . bile . bous . qe . par . ici . passet . par . charite . pur . lalme . priet.

Little Shelford, Camb.

c. 1310. *Maud de Mortimer.*

Mahaud de Mortimer gist ici
Jesu pour sa grande pite e misericorde
de sa alme eyt mercy.

Tilley, Essex.

1320. *Dame Joan de Cobham.*

✠ Dame : Joane : de : Kobeham : gist : isi : Deus : de : sa : alme : eit : merci : kike : pbr : le : alme : priera : qbarabnte : jours : de : pardobn : abera.

Cobham, Kent.

1337. *Laurence de St. Maur, Rector.*

Suscipiat te Christus qui bocauit te
et in sinu Abrahe
angeli dedbcat te.

Higham Ferrars, Northants.

c. 1340. *William la St. John.*

✠ Soutz . ceste . pere . lettere . ob . laton . gist . Will'm . la . Seint . John . de . ramm . esbbry . persone . et . fer . pore . sa . alme . prier . orason . qarant . iours . assbron . de . p'don.

Ramsbury, Wilts.

1376. *Edward the Black Prince.* (*The verſes compoſed by himſelf.*)

Cy gilt le noble prince monſ Edward aiſnez filz du treſnoble Roy Edward tiers iadis Prince daquitaine & de Gales duc de Cornewaille et Counte de Ceſtre qi moruſt en la feſte de la Trinite qeſtoit le biij iour de juyn lan de grace mil troiſcens ſeptante ſiſime lalme de qi dieu eit mercy. Amen.

Tu qi paſſez oue bouche cloſe:
Par la ou ce corps repoſe:
Entent ce qe te dirai:
Sicome te dire le say:
Tiel come tu es ie autiel fu:
Tu ſerras tiel come ie ſu:
De la mort ne penſai ie mye:
Tantcome iauoi la bie:
En tre̅ auoi gnd richeſſe:
Dont ie y fis gnd nobleſſe:
Terre meſons & gnd treſor:
Draps chibaux argent & or:
Mes ore ſu ieo poures & chetifs:
Per fond en la tre gis.
Ma gnd beaute eſt tout alee:
Ma char eſt tout gaſtee:
Moult eſt eſtroit ma meſon
en moy na sy berite non:
Et si ore me beiſſez:
Je ne quide pas qe bous deiſſez:
Qe ie euſſe onqes home eſte:
si su ie ore de tant changee:
Pur dieu priez au celeſtien Roy,
qe mercy ait de larme de moy:
Tous ceulx qe pur moy prieront,
ou a dieu macorderont:
Dieu les mette en son paray:
ou nul ne poet eſtre chetifs.

Canterbury Cathedral.

[*From a rubbing.*]

1370. *John ye Smith.*

Man com & se how schal alle dede be: wen yow comes bad & bare:
Noth hab ben be away fare: all ys werines yt be for care:
Bot yt be do for godys luf we haue nothyng yare. Hundyr
Yis graue lys John ye smyth. God zif hys soule heuen grit.

Brightwell-Baldwin, Oxon.

[*The earliest Epitaph in English.*]

1393. *Sir Thomas Walsch.*

Here lyes Thomas Walsch Knyght, lorde of Anlep, & dame Kat'ine hys wyfe, whiche in her tyme made the Kirke of Anlep and halud the kirkyard first in wurchup of God & oure Ladye & seynt Nicholas. That God haue ther sowles and mercy.

Wanlep, Leic.

1398. *John Bettesthorne.*

Hic jacet Johēs Bettesthorne quondā dnūs de Chadenwyche fundator istius cantarie qui obiit bi die Februarii Anno dnī M° CCC xCbiij, litera dnical' E. Cui' aīe p'pciet' deus. Amē.

Tu qui trāsieris, bideas sta plēge plora
Es qd eram et eris qd su p' me precor ora.

Mere, Wilts.

[*This inscription is remarkable as containing the Dominical letter for the year of decease, and in the original is* reversed, "ciH tecaj," *&c.*

English versions of the lines are found down to a very late period, if indeed they are not sometimes set up in country parishes at the present date.]

1407. *Thomas Palmer.*

Palmers all our faders were
I a Palmer liuyd here
And trabyld sore till worn wt age
I ended thys worlde's pylgramage
On ye blyste Assention daye
In ye cherful moneth of maye
On thousande wt foure hundrede seuen
And tooke my iorneye hense to heuen.

Formerly at Snodland, Kent.

1410.

Ecc' qod expēdi habbi
Qod donaui habeo
Qod negaui pbnior
Qod seruaui p'didi

Lo al yt eu' I spēt yt sū tme had I
Al yt I zaf ī qod ētēt yt now haue I
Yt I neyu' zaf ne lēt yt now abie I
Yt I kepe' til I wēt yt lost I.

Formerly, under the effigy of a priest, at S. Peter's, S. Alban's.

Versions of the above occur not unfrequently, e.g., Robert Byrkes, 1579; *William Lambe,* 1540; *John Orgen,* 1591; *Edward Courtenay,* 1419, *&c.*

[*The same in modern spelling, and without the contractions.*

Ecce quod expendi habui:
Quod donavi habeo:
Quod negavi punior:
Quod servavi perdidi.

Lo, all that ever I spent, that sometime had I:
All that I gave in good intent, that now have I:
That I never gave nor lent, that now abie I:
That I kept till I went, that lost I.

In "Notes and Queries," 1st Series, No. 276, *is given the following Scotch version.*

It that I gife, I haif:
It that I lent, I craif:
It that I spent, is mine:
It that I leif, I tyne.]

c. 1412. *Thomas Knowles.*

Here lyth grauyn vndyr ye ston
Thomas Knowlys both flesh and bon
Grocer and Alderman yeres fortye
Sheriff & twis Maior truly[1]
And for he sholde not ly alon
Here lyth wyth hym hys good wyff Jone:
They weren together sixty yere.
And nynetene chyldren they had in feer.
Now ben they gon, wee them misse:
Christ haue ther sowlys to heuen' blisse. Amen.

S. Antholin's.

[1] *Viz., in the 1st and 12th years of Henry IV.*

1414. *John Oundeley, Rector.*

Miserere miserator quia vere sum peccator.
Vnde precor licet reus, miserere mei Deus.

Flamsted, Herts.

1416. *Richard More.*

Subiacet ecce pede Ricardus Morus, in ede
Rene, qui discretus fuit ampla pace quietus.
C quater et Mille, quater et bis sex obit ille,
Lucq' sexta ter Junij, fit hujus sibi mater;
Fecit plura loco, bona sunt suffragia pro quo.
Post Christiana sua vita subit ad relaxamen
Quos Manus alma tua saluet, precor, O Deus. Amen.

South Moreton, Berks.

1416. *Richard Skypwith.*

In ye yere of Cryst on thowsand four hundryd ful trewe with four and sixteen
I Richard Skypwith, Gentilman in byrthe, late felowe of Newe Inne,

In my age twenti on, my sowle partyd from ye bodye in Abgbst
ye ybi daye
And now I lye here abydynge Gods mercy bndir ys ston in clay
Desprynge yow yt ys sal see, bnto ye Meydene pray ffor mee
Yt bare bothe God and man
Lyke as ye wold yt oder forr ye sholde
Whan ye ne may ne can.

S. Peter's, S. Alban's.

1419. *Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon.*

Hoe, hoe, who lyes here
I ye goode Erle of Devonshire
With Maud my Wyff to mee ful deere
We lyued togeather fyfty fyue yeare.
What wee gaue we haue,
What wee spent wee hadde:
What wee lefte that wee loste.

Formerly at Tiverton, Devon.

1420. *Robert Poyntz.*

Here lyeth Robert Poyntz lord of ironacton And this stepul here makyd who deyde the fiftene daye of Junne, the yere of our Lorde mcccxx of whose soule God haue mercy. Amen.

Iron-Acton, Glouc.

c. 1420. *Alice Thorndon.*

O cryst ihu pyte and mercy haue
On alys brunham that whylom was the wyff
Of gylys thorndon whych her' y graue
And her deffende fro werre off fendys stryff
Make her partable of eternal lyff
By the meryt of thy passion
Whych wyth thy blood madyst our redēpcion.

Frettenham, Norfolk.

1424. *John Micolt.*

Es testis Christe quod non iacet hic lapis iste
Corpus ut ornetur, sed Spiritum ut memoretur.
Heus tu qui transis, magnus, medius, puer an sis,
Pro me funde preces quia sic mihi benie spes.

S. Martin's, Vintry.

[*A frequent form.*]

1425. *William Chichele, Sheriff and Alderman of London; and Beatrice his Wife.*

✠ Such as ye be . such wer we.
Such as we be . such shal ye be.
Lerneth to deye . that is the laue
That this lif . yow to wol drawe.
Sorwe or gladnesse . nought letten age.
But on he cometh . to lord and page.
Wherfor for us . that ben goo.
Preyeth as other . shal for you doo.
That God of his benignyte
On vs haue mercy & pite
And nought rememb' our wykednesse
Sith he vs bought of his goodnesse. Amē.

Higham-Ferrars, Northants.

1429. *John Horsepoole.*

O bone Protector anime, miserere Johannis
Horsepoole, qui Rector Auerham fuit eius in annis.
Cancellarie fuerat viuendo Magister,
Sis sibi fons benie cuius fuit ipse Magister.
Morte die decimo nono Iunij ruit anno,
M C quater nono sociato bis sibi deno.

S. Dunstan's-in-the-West.

c. 1430. *Harry Hawles.*

Heer is yburied under this graue
Harry Hawles hys sable God saue
Longe tyme Steward of ye yle of Wyghte
Haue mey on hym God fol of myghte.

Arreton, Isle of Wight.

1435. *Richard Adane & Maryon his Wife.*

Her' lyth ye bones of Rychard Adane & Maryon his wyff
God graunt ther soules euerlasting lyff
The which Rychard dyed . . . . .
In ye yere of our Lord M°CCCC° . .
The which Rychard Adane as I yow say
Leyd yys ston be hys lyff day:
The yer' of our lord was yan truly
M°CCCC° fyue & thrytty.
Man yt behoueth ofte to haue in mynde
That yow geuest wt yyn honde yat shalt yow fynde,
For women ben slowfull & chyldren bey unkynde
Executors bey couetous & kepe all yt yey fynde:
For our boye soules unto ye Trynyte
Seyeth a Paternoster for charite.

Kelshall, Herts.

1437. *John Spycer.*

I prey yow all for charite
Hertily that ye pray for me
To oure lord that sytteth on hye
Ful of grace & of mercye
The wiche Rode Soler in this chirche
upon my cost y dede do wirche
wt a lampe brenynge bright
to worschip God boye daye & nyghte
And a gabulwyndow dede do make
in helthe of soule & for crist' sake

Now Jhu that dydyst on a tre
On ds haue mercye & pite.
Marye moder mayde clere haue m'cy on me jon spyeer
And on me Alys his wyff, Ladye for thi joyes fybe.

Burford, Oxon.

1440.

Erth my bodye I giue to the
On my soule Jhu haue pite.

Great Ormsby, Norfolk.

c. 1445. *Richard Wood & Joan his Wife.*

Farwel you world, I tak leue for euer,
I am cityd to appere I [know] not wher.
Yen al yis world yis tym had I leuer
A litl spase to mak a sith for fere
of my trespase, broken is for sorowe
Myn herte, now be that sal not be tomorrowe.

Farwel frendys, ye tyd bidyth noe man
I am tak' fro hens—& soe sal ye.
But to what passage, tel yow I ne can:
Ye yt be liuing may pray whyl ye be.
Nakyd I goe, nakyd hider we cam,
Prey ye ffor mee, requiem eternam.

Maldon, (Middlesex.)
? Essex.

1445. *Richard Manfield.*

Here lythe Rychard ye sone and ye Eyer
of Robard Manfield Squyer & Kateryne his wyfe
wyth Isabelle hys Suster bothe yonge & feyre:
That at xix. yeer of age he lefte hys lyfe
With yong John his brother be the seconde wyfe:

The yeer ful complete of cristis incarnacyon
Rychard . dyde . ye . bj ÷ daye . of . aprill . M.CCCC.X . & . b.
God reward ther' soulys wyt eternall saluacyon.
Jhū heben Kynge . graunte bs grace.
In heben to haue a place
And ye Trinite graunte bs ther' to be.

Taplow, Bucks.

1446. *John Marshall, Canon.*

Vt Rosa pallescit, cum solē sentit abesse;
Sic homo banescit, nunc est, nunc desinit esse.

Lincoln Cathedral.

1447. *William Read.* "*Civis et piscenarius.*"

Who yt passyth by ye waie
ffor mercy of God, behold and praie
ffor all soules cristen & for bs
On Paternoster and an Abe
to ye blessyd Saynts & owr blessyd Ladye
Seynt Mary to pray ffor us.

Qui pro aliis orat, pro se laborat.

S. Nicholas Olave.

1450. *Robert & Christine Savage.*

Here lythe grauen bnder thys stoon:
xtīne Sauage both fleshe and boon.
Rob't huyre sone was person heere,
moore than xxiiij yeere.
Cryst godys sone born of a mayde:
that owt of ye world ben passed bs fro:
gaunte thy m'cy and to bs also. Amen.

Busshead, Sussex.

1459. *Richard Bontfant.*

Prey ye for ye soule in wey of cherite
of Richard Bontfant late mercer of London.
For the Brethren & sisters of ye fraternite.
Ownor of ye plas callyd Castle of ye Stow:
Remembyr hym yt ys leyd under ston.
For hys sowl & al cristen to prey
to ye mercifull Iesu, a Pater noster anon,
an Ave to hys Moder, & mak no deley.
In March whyche deceessyd the xix dey.
In ye yer of owr Lorde God, who kepe hym fro' pyne,
A thowsande fowre hundred lyktye & nyne.

Stone, Kent.

1460. *John Burton.*

John Burton lyeth under here,
Sometimes of London Citizen & Mercer:
And Jenet his wife, with their progenie,
Beene torned to earth, as ye may see.

Frendes free, what so ye bee,
Prey for vs, we you prey:
As you see vs in this degree,
So schal ye be another day.

S. Michael-Bassishaw.

1463. *John Baret.*

JOHN { He that will sadly behold me with hys ie
Maye see his owne merowr and lerne to die. } BARET

Wrappid in a schete as a kul rewlie bretche,
No mor of al my mynde to meward wil stretche.
From erthe I kam, and on to erthe I am brought,
This is my natur: for of erthe I was wrought.
Thus erthe on to erthe tendeth to knet.
So endyth eche creture: doeth John Baret.

Wherfor ye pepil in waye of cherite
Wyth your gode praiers I praye ye helpe me.
For sbch as I am: right soe shalle ye al bi.
Now God on my sowle haue merci and pite. amen.

S. Mary's, Bury S. Edmund's.

1468. *Thomas Hill.*

Mons in balle jacet: quem tu deus erige rursum,
Vt baleat montem Cristum perfingere sursum.

New College, Oxford.

1469. *Robert Dalusse.*

As flowrs in feeld thus passyth lyke
Nakyd the' clothd, feble in the ende:
Y^t showeth by Robert Dalusse & Alison hys wyf
Chryste yem saue fro' the powr of ye fiende.

S. Martin, Vintry.

1470. *Laurence Bartlot.*

Jesu anime famuli tui Laurentii Bartlot, nuper
Registrarii Episcop: Lincoln. Qui obiit die . . . Octobris
Anno m^o cccc^o lxx^o, Dona requiem &c.

Quisquis ades bultumque bides, sta, perlege, plora,
Iudicii memor esto mei, tua nam benit hora.
Sum quod eris, fueramque quod es, tua posteriora
Commemorans, miseris miserans, pro me precor, ora.

S. Dunstan's-in-the-West.

1472. *John Gyse.*

Hic Jacet Johēs Gyse et Alicia uxor ejus, qui quidem Johēs feliciter obiit in communione omnium animarum, a° dn̄i millesimo ccccl xxii quorum animabus propicietur Deus. Amen.

Elmore, Glouc.

❖ ❖

1475. *Sir John Smith.*

Here lieth ye body of Sir John Smyth sūtyme Maist' of this place. A good hovseholder, a ffyne man, large in almys, he did worship to alle hys kynne, all ye felvsship was ye meryer yt Sir John Smyth was inne. I pay to God haue mercy on hys soule & alle Cristen. he passid to God ye xj° day of Nouēber in ye yere of Grace A M°CCCC lxxv. Ffor charite say a Pat'nos' Ave.

Gt. Ilford, Essex.

❖ ❖

c. 1485.

ffarewel my frendes, the tyde abideth no man,
I am departed from hense and soe shal ye,
Bvt in this passage the best songe that I can
Is requiem eternam: now Jhesu graunte it me,
Whan I haue ended all myn aduersitie,
Graunte me in paradise to haue a mansion
That shed thy blode ffor my redempcion.

Northleach, Glouc.

Also, with slight difference, at Royston and Baldstock, Herts; Maldon and Romford, Essex; S. Martin's, Ludgate; and S. Michael's, Crooked Lane.

❖ ❖

1486. *Margaret Cantelowe.*

Celestial Princess thow blessyd Vergin Marie
Thy servant Margret Cantelowe call to remembrance,
And prey to thy dere Sonne ye vvell of all mercie
To pardone hir trespase & fautes of ignorance

Which to Hen: Cantelowe was Wyffe withouten baryaunce,
And dowhtyr also to Nicholas Alwyn
Mercer of London, God shelde them all fro' synne.
Ye sayd Margret dyed ye b day of Marcii Ao mcccclxxxbj.

Streatham, Surrey.

c. 1500. *Richard Nordell.*

Richard Nordell lyth bbryd heer
Sumtyme of London citizen and Drapiere
And Marjerie hys wyf, of her progenie
Retbrnyd to erthe, and so schal ye.
Of the erth wee wer made & formed
And to ye erth we bin returned.
Haue yis in mynde & memorie,
Ye yt liuen lerneth to dy.
And beholdeth here your destine,
Sbch as ye erne sumtyme weren wee.
Ye schal be dyght in yis aray,
Be yee nere so stobt and gay.
Therfor frendys we yow prey
Make yow redy for to dye
Yt ye be not forr sinne atteynt
At ye daye of Judgment.
Man the behobeth oft to haue yis in mynd
Yt thow geueth wyth thin hond yt shal thow fynd
For wydowes be sloful & chyldren beth bnkynd
Executors be couetos and kep al yt they fynd
If eny body esk wher ye deddys goodys becam
Yey ansqueare
So God helpe and halidom, he dyed a pore man.
yink
on yis.

S. Edmund, Lombard St.

c. 1500. *Elizabeth, Lady Scalys.*

Here resteth ye body of elizabeth ye wyf of thoas ye lord scalys ye worthy,
Qwylū ye dowt' of ye nobyl lord bardolf ī hys dayes ryt dowghty,
To qwose sowle Jhū sende ye droppes of yt plenteuows mercy
So yt aftyr yis owtlawry sche abyde with' ye holy in yt p'petuel glory.

Halvergate, Norfolk.

c. 1500. *Katherine Huddesfield.*

Conditor & redeptor corporis & anime
Sit michi medicus & custos utriusq'
Dame Kateryn ye wyfe of sr wilha hud
desfeld & doughter of sr phil courtenay knyht.

Shillingford, Devon.

c. 1500. *John & Joan Cressy.*

On lyue when we wer God sent vs spase
To pink on him and of his grete Grase
For as we be both body and fase
So both mor and less must be in lik case,
In piteous aray as now yow see,
It is no nay, so sal ye be.
Your self mak mon, or ye bin gon, and prey for vs,
Without deley, past is ye dey, we may not prey for yow; its thus,
Whylst yat yow mey, boye nyght & dey, looke yat yow prey
Jesu of grase,
When ye bin gon, help is ther non, wherfor pink on
Whyl ye hab spase.

Waltham Abbey.

1501. *Richard Wenman.* -

Man in what state that euer thow be
Timor Mortis shulde truble the
for when thow leest wenyst
beniet te
Mors superare
And soe thy graue grewys
Ergo mortis memorarE.

Luton, Beds.

[*Also at Witney, Oxon, and Northleach, Glouc.*]

1502. *Agnes Halke.*

In yis chyrcheyerd was soe hir chabnce
First after ye haloweinge of ye same
Afore alle others to begynne ye dans
Wy to alle cretures is ye lothe game.

S. Alphege, Canterbury.

1503. *John Reed.* ✕

* * * * * *

They for man when ye wind blows
Make the mill grind:
And euer thyn own soule
Haue thow yn minde
That thow giuest wt thy honde
That thow shalte finde
And yt thow leboys thy Executors
Comys far behind.
Do for youre own selfe
Whilk ye haue space
To pray jhū of m'cy and grace
In heuen to haue a place.

Wrangle, Linc.

✕ The earlier portion of this inscription is l

1503.

Domine in benia tua semper sperabimus
Nunc XPE te petimus, miserere quesumus:
Qui benisti redimere nos, noli damnare redemptos.

Slaugham, Sussex.

c. 1510. *Christopher Urswyk.*

Orate pro animabus Regis Henrici biimi et Cristoferi Vrswyk quondam eius Eleemosinarii magni et istius Collegii Decani. ✠Ave Maria, &c. Et Benedicta sit sanctissima tua Mater Anna, ex qua sine macula processit tua purissima Caro Virginea. Amen. ✠Deus qui per Unigenitum tuum, ex utero Virginis incarnatum, ac morte passum, genus humanum redimisti, eripias quaesumus animas Henrici biimi ac Cristoferi, necnon omnium eorum, quos ipse Cristoferus, dum birit, offendit, ab eterna morte, atq' ad eternam bitam perducas, per Xm Dominum nostrum. Amen.

S. George's, Windsor.

[*This is interesting, as clearly stating the recently defined dogma of the "Immaculate Conception."*]

1510. *Richard Bewfforeste, Abbat.*

Here lyeth sir Richard Bewfforeste
Pray Jhu geue hys sowle good reste.

Dorchester, Oxon.

1511. *Robert Fabian.*

Lyke as the daye hys course doth consume
And the new morowe springyth agayne as faste
So man and wuman by nature's cbstome

Thys lyff to passe, at last in erth are caste,
In ioy and sorowe, wb heer theyr tym doe waste
Neuer in on state, but in cobrse transitorie
Soe ful of chaunge is of this worlde ye glorie.

S. Michael, Cornhill.

1514. *William Goldwyre.*

Mary Moder, Mayden clere,
Prey for me William Goldwyre,
And for me Isabel his wyf,
Ladye, for thy Joyes fyf.
Hab mercy on Christian his second wyf,
Swete Jhesu for thy wowndys fyf.

Coggeshall, Essex.

1515. *Catherine Sewell.*

Pray for ye soule of Catherine Sewell late ye wife of Thomas Sewell, which decesed the biij daye of Ianuary, the yere of our Lord, mdxb. on whose soule Jhu habe mercy.

Bisley, Glouc.

A common form at this period.

1516. *Thomas Burgoyne.*

Of your charite pray ffor the sowles of Thos Burgoyne and Elizabeth hys wyfe: whiche Thos decessyd ye ix day of August the yer of our Lorde God a thousand fybe hundred and sixteen. On whose soules and all cristen soules Jhu haue mercy. Amen.

Luton, Beds.

1520. *Edward Cornwallis.*

Orate pro animabus Edbardi Cornwalleis & Elizabeth uxoris sue, qui quidem Edbardbs obiit iiij die Septembris M D. xx. cuius anime propicietur Deus. Amen.

Credidi.
Redemtor meus biuit
In nobissimo die super terram stabit
In carne mea bidebo Deum saluatorem.

1523. *Walter Garden.*

Here lyeth Walter Garden come out of the west
God geeu to ye soule of hym good reste.
I pray you neghbours euerich on
Prey ffor mee for I am gon.
Who dyed 26 Aprill. 1523.

S. Margaret's, Westminster.

1526. *Robert Trappis, Goldsmith.*

When the bels be merelie roung
And the Masse be deuowtelie soung
And the mate merelie eaten
Then sal Robert Trappis hys wyffe and his children be forgotten.
Wherfor for Iesu that of Mary sproung
Set thir soulys thi Seynts among
Though it be vndesirbyd on ther syde
Yet good Lorde let them euermor thy mercy abyde.
And of your cherite
For thir soulys saye a paternoster and an abe.

S. Leonard, Foster Lane.

c. 1529. *Anne Flint.*

Of mistrys Anne Flints soble Iesu mercy haue
Whyche was ye dowtre of Willyam London
Whos body died, & was beryed her in yis graue

Ye xi dey of iun, by recovrse & compbtatyon
XV.C. and xxix yer of our Lordys incarnatyon,
And to all yem yat for her thys doe prey,
Jesu grabnte yem heuyn at ther dethys dey.

S. Peter's, Norwich.

c. 1530. *Thomas Grey.*

What can myght powr or auncyet bloode abayll:
Or els ryches that men cownte felicite:
What can they helpe ferful deth to assayll:
Certes nothinge and that is probyd by mee:
That had thos giftis rehersed wt all plente:
Neuerthelesse yet am I leyd lowe in clay:
That whilom was Squyer called Thos Grey.

Benet my Wyf eke is fro this world past:
Yet we trbst to be had in memory:
As long as the paryshe of Coople shall last:
Ffor our benefitis don to it largely:
As witnesse xxtt pownd wt other giftis many:
Wherfor alle cristen men that goo by this way:
Pray for ye soblis of Benet and Thos Gray.

Cople, Beds.

1530. *Andrew Benestede, Vicar.*

Hic chorus indecorus fuerat, nunc balde decorus:
Andreas is sum qui decorauit eum.

Herne, Kent.

1533. *Richard Colwell.*

Whoso hym bethoft inwardly and oft
How hard it wer to flitt fro' bedde bnto ye pytt:
From pytt bnto peyne yt neuer shal ceas certayne
He wold not doe one sinn all ye worlde to winn.

Feversham, Kent.

1539. *Thomas Alesse.*

Thomas Alese Esquier & Margaret hys wyff
Ly vndir this playn ston;
God graunte hem euerlasting lyff,
To whom we hop th'ar gon.
He dyed, as her ys to be sine,
On thowsand fibe hundryd thirty nine.
Whoso yt for ther sowles will prey,
God giue hem meede at Doomyngs day.

Milton, Kent.

c. 1539. *Anne Danvers.*

What bayleth yt riches or what possession,
Gyftes of high nature, nobles in gentry,
Daftenes depuryd or frequent pollycy
Sith prowes sith power haue their p'gression
Ffate it is fatall on self succession
That world hath no thing yt smellith not frealtie
Where most assurance is most unsuertie.
Here lieth dame Anne the lady of dauntesey
To sir John danbers spowse in coniunction
To sir John Dauntesey by lyne discension
Cosyn and heire, whose heryage highlye
Fastely be ffirmed in criste hys mancion.

Dauntesey, Wilts.

1540. *John Paynter.*

Ffor ye loue of Jhu
I may not pray now: pray ye
Wyth on Paternoster and on Abe
That my peynys lessyd may be.
John Paynter of Dobor namyd I was
And two tymes Maior of yt place
I passyd to God the fourteenth of July
One thousande fyue hundred and fourty.

Rainham, Kent.

c. 1540. *William Lambe.*

As I was, soe are yee
As I am, yow shall bee.
That I had, that I gaue,
That I gaue, that I haue,
Thus I end all my coste,
That I left, that I loste.

WILLIAM LAMBE, so sometime was my name
Whiles I aliue did run my mortall race;
Seruing a prince of most immortal fame,
Henry the eight, who of his princely grace,
In his Chappell allowed me a place.
By whose fauour, from Gentleman t' Esquire:
I was preferr'd with worship for my hire.

With wiues 3 I ioyned wedlocke band
Which (all aliue) true louers were to mee:
Joane, Alice, and Joane, for so they came to hand,
What needeth praise, regarding their degree?
In wiuely truth none stedfast more could be,
Who though in earth death's force did once disseuer,
Heaben yet (I trust) shall ioyne vs all together.

O Lambe of God, whiche sinne didst take away,
And (as a lambe) was offered vp for sinne;
Where I poore Lambe went from thy flock astray,
Yet thou (good Lorde) vouchsafe thy Lambe to winne
Home to thy fold, and hold thy Lambe therein:
That at the day when Lambes & Goats shall seuer,
Of thy choyce Lambes, Lambe may be one for euer.

I pray you all that receiue bread and pence,
To say the Lord's Prayer before you goe hence.

Formerly in the Jesus Chapel, Old S. Paul's.

1540. *Nicholas Gibson.*

Here was I borne, and here I make myne ende
Though I was Citizen & Grocer of London
And to ye office of Schrebalty did ascend:
But things transitorie passe & banische sone
To God be geeuen thanks if that I ought haue done.
That to his honowre & to the bringing up of youth
And to the succowre of ye age: for sewerly this is sothe.

By Avise my wyff chyldren were left mee non
Which we both did take as God had it sent:
And fixt our myndes that ioyntly in on
To releue the poore by mutuall consent.
Haue mercy on oure soules, & as for the residew,
If it be thy will thow mayst owr Acte continew.

Stepney, Middlesex.

1542. *John Bird.*

Al you this way by mee sal pas,
Considyr what I am, and who I was,
Bird I was first John by name;
Here in Acton Preest and Parson of ye same.
Fifty yeare & three gouerne did I heer
And kynisht my liff in ye two & fourtyth yeare
Aftyr a thowsand cccc of our Lorde's first commyng
In erth me to redeeme by sore peyne sufferynge:
And now I haue peyd the stipend of this lyff,
Yelding my flesh to wormes wythout eny stryff.
For my soble intercede that glory it may opteyne,
Where wth ye blessyd Trinity eternally it may reyne.
And for yow ageyn prey by whos cherite I am relebyd
To sweete Jesu with whos blood I am redeemyd.

Acton, Middlesex.

1543. *Anthony Sutton.*

Al yow that doth this epitaph rede or see
Of your mere godnesse and grett cherite
Prey for ye sowl of maister anthony
Sutton, Bacher of diuinity
Who dyed in secundo die Augusti
Annoq' Domini
M. cccc. xl. and three.

Thistleworth, Middlesex.

1545. *Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy.*

Willingly habe I sought, and willingly habe I found
The fatall end that wrought thither as dutye bound:
Discharged I am of that I ought to my countrey by honest wound
My soule departyd Christ hath bought: The end of man is grounde.

S. Mary Aldermary.

c. 1554. *Pers Ideley.*

Ye yt behold & se thys dedely graue
We beseche for cheritye hartily to praye
To ye Lorde of mercye owr soblis to haue
Yt bee here couered vnder clothes of claye
Dethe fro' whome nothynge escape maye
Hath of Pers Ideley & his two wyues
By hys dredfull office seisyd theyr lyues.

Formerly at Dorchester, Oxon.

1558. *Sir Andrew Judd.*

To Russia and Muscoua
To Spayne Gynny withoute fable
Trabeld he by land and sea
Bothe Mayre of London and Staple
The Commenwelthe he norished
So worthelie in all his days
That ech state fullwell him lobed
To his perpetuall prayes.
Three wibes he had: one was Mary
Fower sunes one maydе had he by her
Annys had none by him truly
By Dame Mary he had one dowghtier
Thus in the month of September
A thowsande fybe hundred fiftey
And eight died this worthie Stapler
Worshippynge his posterytye.

Sr Andrew Judd Knt.

S. Helen's, Bishopsgate.

1565. *John Eston.*

Heere resteth in ye mercie of God, the bodie of John Eston, Esquire, etc. etc.

How rich be they certayne
That heauenly Kingdom gaine?
No tongue can well expresse
Their ioyes that be endlesse.

S. Thomas, Southwark.

1566. *Thomas Williams, Speaker of the House of Commons.*

Here Lyeth the corps of Thomas Willms esquier
Twise reader he in Court appointed was
Whose sacred minde to bertue did aspire
Of parlament he Speaker hence did passe.

The comen peace he studied to preserbe
And trewe relygion ever to maynteyne
In place of justyce where as he dyd serbe
And now in Heaben with myghtie Jobe doth Rayne.

Harford, Devon.

1566. *Richard Chamberlayne.*

To the poore hee was liberall & gaue for Godes sake,
But now his fame is plentifull, & hee a heauenlie make,
Hee was like on of bs, according to owre mold,
Bbt now hee bnlike bs in heauen where hee wold.
His tyme was shorte, in syckenesse rare, as to all is knowne:
Bbt now hys tyme shal longe endbre, & neuer be caste downe.

S. Olave, Jewry.

1567. *Alexander Belſyre.*

Hoc quod es ipse fui mortalis, uterque perinde
Mortuus, ac fato tu moriere tuo.
Sic ergo bibas ut cum moriere superstes
Vita sit in coelis non moritura tibi.

That thou art now, the same was I;
And thou likewise shalt suer dye:
Libe so that when thou hence dost wend
Thou mayest habe blysse that hath no end.

Handborough, Oxon.

1570. *Richard Forteſcue of Ffylleygh, Eſquire.*

Fforget who can of that he lyst to see
Ffortescue of Ffylleaghte the sebenthe of that degre
Remembrance of a frynde his brother Drake doth showe
Presenting this unto the eyes of woo
Hurtful to none and fryndlye to the moste
The earth his bones the Heabens possess his goste.

Filleigh, Devon.

1570. *Robert Weare, alias Browne.*

Here lyeth Robert Weare otherwise Browne
Who was seven tymes Maior of Marlebrough Towne
And lyved in peace all his dayes
With Anne his wife to their great prayse
And dyed ye xxvi of october in ye yere of or lorde 1570
Who allwaies in God did put his hole trust.

Formerly at S. Peter's, Marlborough, Wilts.

1570. *Emma Foxe.*

To you that lyke possess grete troubles do befall,
When we that slepe by Dethe do feel no harm at all.
An honeste lyke dothe bringe a ioyfull deathe at last,
And lyke agayne begins when dethe is once past.
My louinge ffore ffarewell, God guyde thee wt his grace,
Prepare thyselfe to come & I will geue the place.
My children all adewe, & be ryghte sure of this,
You shal be brought to Dust as emma ffore your Mother is.

Aldeborough, Suffolk.

1572. *John Herrenden, Mercer, Esquire.*

Qu an tris di c bul stra
os guis ti ro um nere bit.
H san Chris mi t mu la

S. Anne-in-the-Willows.

1573. *Thomas Oken.*

Of your charyte gibe thanks for the soules of Thomas Oken & Jone his wyff, on whose Soules Jesus hath m'cy, Jesus hath m'cy. Amen.

S. Mary's, Warwick.

1573. *Dr. Caius.*

Fbi Caibs.
Vibit post fbnera birtbs
1573
Aetat. 37

Caius Coll. Camb.

1576. *John Brimleis, Organist from* 1557 *to* 1576.

John Brimleis' bodye here doth ly,
Who praysyd God with honde & boyse;
By mbsyckes heauenly harmonie
Obl myndes he maid in God reioyce.
Hys soble into ye heauens is lykt,
To prayse him stil yt gaue ye gykte.

Durham Cathedral.

1576. *John Stydolf.*

Here lyeth buried undir this stone the bodye of Fohn Stydolf Esquire, which decessyd ye 8 daye of Maie, in ye yere of our Lord Mccccclxxbj.

Fnueni portbm spes et fortbna ualete
Nil mihi bobiscbm lbdite nbne aliis.
Qbocbnq' ingreditbr seqbitbr mors
Corporis bmbram.

Mickleham, Surrey.

1576. *Anthony Bond.*

Christ is to me as life on earth, and death to me is gaine
Because I truste thorowe him alone saluation to obteyne:
So bryttle is the state of man, so soone it dothe decay,
So all the glory of ye worlde must passe & fade awaye.

Egham, Surrey.

And in many other places.

1578. *Sir Edward Bayntun & Family.*

Here lyeth Sir Edward Bayntun Knight within this marble clad.
By Agnes Ryce his first trew wyfe that thyrtyne children had:
Whearof she left alybe withe him at her departure thre,
Henry, Anne & Elizabeth, whose pictures here you see.
The xix daye of Auguste she decesed of Christe ye yere: } 1574.
These litle figures standinge bie present ye nomber here: }
Then maried to Anne Pakyngton, his second wife she was,
For whose remembrance here in tombe these lynes be lefte in brasse.
Anno Dni 1578.

Bromham, Wilts.

1579. *Robert Byrkes.*

How, how, who is here?
I Robin of Doncaster & Margarete my fere.
That I spent, that I had:
That I gaue, that I haue:
That I lefte, that I loste:
Quoth Robertus Byrkes who in this world did reign
Three score yeares & seuen, & yett liued not one.
Anō Dni Mccccclxxix.

Formerly in Old Doncaster Church.

1580. *Thomas Tusser.*

Here Thomas Tusser clad in earth doth lye,
That some tyme made The Points of Husbandrie;
By him then learne thou maiest, here learne we mbst,
When all is done, we sleepe, & tbrne to dbst:
And yet, through Christe, to heauen we hope to goe;
Who reades his bookes, shal finde his fayth was soe.

S. Mildred's, Poultry.

1581. *Thomas Eyer.*

The life I lead may witnesse of my deathe
Hope in my Christe & faithe hath saued mee.
O happye I whilst yet I haled breathe,
More now, yea happye in ye beste degre.
As first I liued full fourescore yeares to dye,
So laste I dyed to liue eternally.
Ensue that sample which I haue begone,
You that liue yett, bee fathers to ye poore,
Enforce yourselves to doe as I haue doune,
Remember Jesus allso hath a doore.

Burnham, Bucks.

1581. *John Brinckhurst.*

Vt Rosa mane biget, tamen et mox bespere languet,
Sic homo banescit; nunc est, nunc desinit esse.

1583. *William Denham.*

Man's Lyke on Erthe is as Iob saythe
A Warfare & a Toyle
Where nought is won when all is done
But an uncertaine toyle.
Of thinges moste paine for hys longe paine
Nothynge to him is lefte:
Yet vertue sure doth still endure
And cannot be berefte.
Beholde & see a Prooke by mee
That did enioye my Breathe
Sixtie fowre yeare as may appeare
And then gaue place to Dethe.
Of Company of Goldesmithes free,
William Denham calde by name,
I was lyke you, & Erthe am nowe,
As you shal bee the same.

William Denham whose pyctur in ye wall
Engraued in brasse you spye

Vnder this stone sleppynge in Criste
In reste & peace doeth lye.

Thorpe, Surrey.

1584. *John Daye, a Printer.*

Heere lies the *DAYE* that darknes could not blynd
when popish fogges had ouer cast the sunne
This *DAYE* the cruell nyght did leaue behynd.
To biew and shew what bloudi *ACTES* weare donne,
he set a *FOX* to wright how Martyrs runne
By death to lyfe: *FOX* bentured paynes & health:
To giue them light *DAYE* spent in print his wealth.

But God with gayn retorned his wealth agayne
And gaue to him: as he gaue to the poore,
Two wyves he had pertakers of his payne,
Als was the last encreaser of his stoore,
who mourning longe for being left alone,
Set vpp this toombe, herself turned to a *STONE*.[1]

Little Bradley, Suffolk.

[1] *She remarried to a person called Stone.*

1584. *Theophilus Cave.*

Here in this grave there lies one *CAVE;*
We call a cave a grave.
If cave be grave, & grave be cave
Then reader judge I crave
Whether doth *CAVE* lye in this grave
Or grave here lye in cave;
If grave in cave here buried lye,
Then grave where is thy victory?
Go reader and report
Here lyes a *CAVE*
Who conquers death
And buries his own grave.

Barrow-on-Soar, Leic.

1584. *Alis Walker.*

Whose soule (no doubte) hath pearsede ye cloudes & skalde
the empire skies
whose deathe resoundinge echoes shewde wt piteous plaintes &
cries
whoe lately like a fruitfull vine at table as she had beene
like olive branches rounde aboute her children might haue
seene:
she yesterdaie in goode estate these blessinges did behoulde,
to daie here couerd lieth wt earthe as with her fatall moulde,
the Lorde & giuer of these fruites decrede yt shoulde be soe,
euen by the meanes he thus her blest, to work her joyfull woe:
soe now ye wombe yt fruitfull was in yeeldinge fruite decaied
is made a place & foode for wormes, loe, thus man's parte is
plaied.
such is the fickle state of man, th'vncertaine lott of life,
noe sooner spune by Lachese handes but cutte wt Atrops knife.

Departed this Life in ye Lorde in ye calends of Januarie, beinge after some computatio ye first daie of ye yere of or Lorde one Thousande fiue hundred fourescore & four, the 44 yeare of her age.

Barford S. Martin, Wilts.

1585. *John Coffer.*

Christ is to me as life on earth and death to me is gaine,
Because I trust through him alone saluation to obtaine.
So brittle is the state of man, so soone it doth decay,
So all the glory of this world must pas & fade away.

Wilton, Wilts.

[*Also at Tiddeswell, Derbyshire*, 1579.]

1586. *Anne Venard.*

Yf yt be lawfull for a rural penne
to write of matters touching heauenlye power,
or to reueibe a greate complainte for them
whose bertuous deedes haue gaind in happy howre
a place with God. Then giue me leaue to tell
of suche a losse whose lyke hath neere befell:
Anne Venard shee whose corps interred here,
whose soule in blisse whose bertues liue one earth.
A mother thrice, yea, thrice a mother deare,
whose godlye lyke a bridgde by fatall death
makes mee complayne. And from a sighing hearte
tooe wish that place (thoughe not by my deserte.)
Whilste she did liue her uertues lykewise lyued:
Nowe shee is deade they are againe reuiud.
Eache one that knewe hir sayd shee liud to dye,
And yet, now deade hir praise they ratifye.
This me contents hope says that wee shall meete
With totall ioy in throane of heauenly seate.

Mors mortis morti mortem nisi morte dedisset
Aeternae bitae Janua clausa foret. An: 1586.

S. Edmund's, Salisbury.

1586. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

England, Netherland, the Heauens, and the Arts,
The Souldiers and the World haue made sixe parts
Of Noble Sidney: for who will suppose
That a small heape of stones can Sidney enclose?

England hath his Body, for she it fed,
Netherland his Bloud in her defence shed:
The Heauens habe his Soule, the Arts haue his Fame,
The Souldiers the Grieke, the World his Good Name.

Formerly in Old S. Paul's.

1590. *Elizabeth Poticary.*

Heare ſhee enterred lyes, depriu'd of breath,
Whoſe light of vertue once on earth did ſhyne :
Who life contemn'd, ne feared gaſtly death,
Whom worlde, ne worldly cares coulde cauſe repine,
Reſolu'd to dye, with hope in heauen placed,
Her Chriſte to ſee, whom lyuinge ſhee embraced.
In prayer feruent, ſtill in zeale moſt ſtrong,
In deathe delighting God to magnifye :
*Pſ.*13. How long wilt thou forgett mee Lord, this ſonge,
In greateſt panges was her ſweete harmonye,
Forget thee ? no ! he will not thee forget ;
In booke of lyfe for aye thy name is ſet.

Elizabeth Poticary, wife to Hierom Poticary, clothier, Deceaſed at ye age of 35 yeres, 9° Aplis A^o^ Dni 1590.

Stockton, Wilts.

1590. *Florens Caldwell, Eſquire.*

Earth goes to	EARTH	As mold to mold
Earth treads on		Glittering in gold
Earth as to		Returne ne're ſhoulde
Earth ſhall to		Goe ere he wolde
Earth vpon	EARTH	Conſider may
Earth goes to		Naked away
Earth though on		Be ſtovt & gay
Earth ſhall from		Paſſe poore away.

Be mercifull and charitable
Reliue the poore as thou art able :
A Shrowd to thy graue
Is all thou ſhalt haue.

S. Martin's, Ludgate.

1590. *Laurence Hyde.*

Quidquid eras terrae morbo cōfect' & annis
Concidit, et factū eſt terra quod ante fuit:
Viuet at aeternū pars ducta ab origine coeli
Mens generoſa, nitens, ſancta, recepta deo.
Cū tuba terribilis iuſti vocitarit ad aulam
Sorte necis ſpreta, viuet utruq; polo.

Here lyeth the bodye of Laurence Hyde, late of Weſthatch, Eſquire, who had iſſue by Anne his Wyfe ſixe ſonnes & foure daughters, and dyed the vij day of June, in the yeare of the Incarnation of our Lord God 1590.

BEATI QUI MORIUNTUR IN DOMINO.

Tiſbury, Wilts.

1590. *Henry Dyſford.*

Thou mortall man y^t wouldeſt attayne
The happie haven of heavenlye reſt
Prepare thyſelf: of graces all
Fayth and repentance is the beſt.

Berry Pomeroy, Devon.

[*Alſo at Totnes, and at Eton.*]

1590. *William Button, Eſquire.*

THIS WAS BVT-ONE THOUGH TAKING ROOME FOR THREE
RELIGION, WISDOME, HOSPITALITIE:
BVT SINCE HEAVE GATE TO ENTER BY IS STRAIGHT
HIS FLEASHES BURDE HEERE HE LEFT TO WAIT
TIL Y^E LAST TRUPE BLOWE OPE Y^E WIDE GATE
TO GIVE IT ENTRACE TO Y^E SOVLE ITS MATE.

Alton-Priors, Wilts.

1591. *John Orgen.*

In God is my whole truſt. I. O. 1591.
Iohn Orgen and Helen his wife.
As I was ſo be ye : as I am you ſhall be.
What I gaue, that I have,
What I ſpent, that I had :
Thus I count all my coſt,
That I left, that I loſt.

S. Olave's, Hart Street.

1592. *Thomas Walker.*

Man's life betimes, trie it who ſhall,
Shall finde noe tyme in it to truſt :
Sometime to climbe, ſometime to fall,
Till life of man be brought to duſt.

All Hallows, Lombard Street.

1592. *George Baſtel.*

HEIR . LIETH . ANE . HONARABIL . MAN . GEORG .

FIFE . FOSTRING . PEACE . ME . BRED .
FROM . THENCE . THE . MERCE . ME . CALD .
TO . BYDE . HIS . BATTELS . BALD .
VERIED . VITH . VARES . AND . SORE . OPPREST .
DEATH . GAVE . TO . MARS . THE . FOIL .
AND . NOV . I . HAVE . MORE . QVIET . REST .
THAN . IN . MY . NATIVE . SOYL .
FIFE . MERCE . MARS . MORT . THESE . FATAL . FOVR .
AL . HAIL . MY . DAYS . HAS . DRIVEN . OWR .

AND . OF . HIS . AGE . 74.

RAMSEY . IN . FVLDEN.

BASTEL . WHO . DEPARTED . 4 . JAN. . 1592.

1592. *John Morgan.*

OF + YOVR + CHERITI + PRAYE + FOR + Y^E
SOVLE + OF + IOHN + MORGAN + GENTLEMAN + A
ND + ELNOR + HIS + WIFE + WITH + ALL
THAIRE + PROGENITORS + AND + ALL
CHRIASTIANS + A
MEN + WHICH + IOHN + DECESED + THE
VI + DAYE + OF + APRIL + IN + THE
YEARE + OF + OV
R + LORD + 1592

Knook, Wilts.

[*Probably the lateſt inſtance of "Praye for y^e ſowle."*]

1592. *Elizabeth, Widow of John Skory, Biſhop of Hereford.*

Beati mortui qui domino moriuntur.

Her corps heere lyes in cheſt,
Her ſoule in heauen now liues,
And ſhe enioyes that reſt
Which God to his ſaintes giues:
For in Chriſt did ſhe truſt,
That he will her reſtore.
Againe out of the duſt,
To liue for euermore.

S. Leonard's, Shoreditch.

1593. *John Truſlowe.*

Come nere my friends, behould and ſee
Suche as I am ſuche ſhall you bee:
As is my ſtate within this tombe
So muſt yours be before the doome.
For all men muſt by God's decree
Once taſte of deth as ye ſee me.
Where fore in time Remember dethe
Before you loſe your vitall breth.

John Truſlowe here interred is,
And lyeth in this graue:
Which unto me large benefits
Moſt bountifully gaue.
The race he liued here on earth
Was threeſcore yeares & ſeuen,
Deceaſt in Aprill 93 and then
Was preſt to heauen.
He havinge then no iſſue lefte
His liuinge wholly gaue
To *Richard Truſlowe* of his name,
For ſo he would it haue.
Who in remembrance of the gyuer
This Tombe hath cauſed to be
Within this Church of Avebvrie
Erected as you ſee.

Per *Richardum Trvſlowe* haeredem adoptivum & executorem dicti *Johannis* 18 Aprilis 1593.

The bodye of *John Trvſlowe* here doth reſt,
Who dying did his ſoule to heven bequeſt:
His faith in Chriſt moſt ſtedfaſtly was ſet,
In ſured hope to ſatisfie his debte.
A liuely theame to take example by,
Contemning dethe in hope a Sainte to dye.

Avebury, *Wilts.*

[*Theſe latter verſes are frequently found about this date.*]

1594. *William Kerwin*, "*of the Cittie of London*, *Freemaſon.*"

Aedibus attalicis, londinum qui decoravi;
Me duce ſurgebant aliis regalia tecta
Exiguam tribuant hanc mihi fata domū.
Me duce conficitur, oſſibus vrna meis.

S. Helen's, *Biſhopſgate.*

1594. *R. Scarleit.*

You ſee old Scarleit's picture ſtand on hie,
Bvt at your feet there doth his bodye lie:
His graueſtone doth his age & death-time ſhew,
His office by theſe tokens ye may know.
Second to none for ſtrength & ſturdy limme,
A Scar-babe mighty, voice & viſage grimm:
Hee had interred two Queenes within this place,
And this Towne's houſholders in his life's ſpaſe
Twice over. But at length his own time came,
What hee for others did, for him the ſame
Is done. No doubt his ſoule doth liue for aye
In Heauen, though here his bodye's clad in clay.

JULY 2. 1594.
R. S.
AETATIS 98.

Peterborough Cathedral.

1596. *John Windham, Eſq., & Florence his Wife.*

Maritus { When changeleſſe fate to death did change my life,
I praied it to be gentle to my wife.

Vxor { But ſhee who harte & hande to thee did wedd
Deſir'd nothyng more than thys thy bedd.

Fatum { Brought your ſoules that linckt were in each other
To reſte above, your bodyes heer togeither.

1596.

S. Decuman's, Somerſet.

1596. *Anne Middleton.*

As Man liueth, ſo he dyeth :
As Tree falleth, ſo it lyeth :
Anne Middleton, thy life well paſt,
Doth argve reſtfvll bliſſe at laſt.

Obijt Anno à partu Virginis Mariae 1596 *Mens. Ianuar. die* 11. *Anno Reg. Reginae Elizabethae*, 39. *Aetatis ſuae* 54.

S. Matthew's, Friday St.

1596. *Etheldreda Thornburgh.*

Here before lyeth interred
Etheldred Thornburgh corps in duſt.
In Lyfe, at Death, ſtyll fyrmely fixed
On GOD to reſt hir ſtedfaſt truſt.
Hir Father *Juſtiſe Carus* was,
Hir Mother, *Katharine* his wiffe,
Hir Huſbande *William Thornburgh* was
Whilſt here ſhe ledd this mortail lyfe.
Y^e^ thyrd of Martche, a̅ yeare of Grace
One Thowſand Fyve Hundred nyntie ſix,
Hir ſowle departed this earthly plaſe :
Of aage nighe fortie yeares a̅ ſix.
To whoſe ſweet ſoule heavenlye Dwelling
Our Saviour grant euerlaſtinge.

Cartmel, Lanc.

1598. *Mary Sandys.*

In remembrance of whoſe pietie & ſingular vertues, the eternall loue of her hvſbande hath cauſed this Monument to be erected.

In Heauen her ſoule, in mee her loue,
Her bodye reſteth heere ;
Which is to God, was to ye worlde,
To me her hvſbande, deere.

S. Gregory's, Norwich.

1599. *Edward Grimſtone.*

EDWARD GRIMSTONE, THE FATHER OF RISHANGLIS, ESQUIER, DIED 17 MARCHE 1599.

BY TWIICE TWO KINGES & QUEENES HIS LIFE WAS GRAC'D,
YET ONE RELLIGION HELD FROM FIRST TO LAST,
IVSTICE HE LOV'D & TRVTH, AND COMMON GOOD,
NO LESSE THAN TH' ISSVE OF HIS PRIVAT BLOODE.
HIS YEARES, MORE THAN HIMSELF, DID OTHERS PLEASE
FOR COUNCELL & DISCOVRSE OF WARRE AND PEACE.
HIS LIFE WAS RVLE TO LIVES, HIS DEATH A MIRROR,
ONE FELT NOT VAINE CARE, NOR THE OTHER TERROR.

EDWARD GRIMSTONE, THE SONNE OF BRADFIELD, ESQUIER, DIED 16 AVGVST 1610.

THE SONNE PAID TO HIS FATHER'S PARTS INCREASE
WITTIE & WISE HE WAS, VS'D LAWE FOR PEACE.
WHAT FIRST HE CHUS'D FOR GOOD HE CHANGED NEVER,
HIS CARE WAS TEMPERATE, HIS ZEALE FERVENT EVER,
AND THEISE FAYER GIFTS Y^T HEAVEN HIS POWERS DID GIVE
DID MAKE THE FATHER IN THE SONNE TO LYVE.
WHER TRUTH HATH WRITT THAT ENVIE CANNOT BLOT,
THE NAME OF GRIMSTONE CANNOT BE FORGOT.

Riſhangles, Suffolk.

1599. *Anne Horſwell.*

If euer chaste or honneste godlye lyfe.
Might meryt prayse of euerlastynge fame.
Forget not then that worthy Sternholde wyfe.
Obr Hobbies' make. Ane Horswell cald by name.
Frome whome alas to sone for hers here lefte
Hath God her soble & dethe her lyfe byreefte.
Anno 1599.

Hurſley, Hants.

[*The "Hobbies" were an ancient family in those parts.*]

c. 1600. —— *More, of Norwich.*

More had I once, More would I haue,
More is not to be had;
The firſt I [loſt] the next is vaine,
The third is too too bad.
If I had vſ'd with More regard,
The More that I did giue,
I might haue made More vſe & frvit
Of More while he did liue.
Bvt time will be recald no More,
More ſince are gon in briefe.
Too late repentaunce yeelds no More
Saue only paine & griefe.
My comfort is y^t God hath More
Svch *Mores* to ſend at will,
In hope wherof I ſigh no More,
Bvt reſt vpon him ſtill.

Elingham, Norfolk.

1600. *Sir Thomas Stanley.*

Aſke who lyes here, but doe not weepe:
He is not dead, he dothe but ſleepe!
This ſtonie regiſter is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetuall than theſe ſtones,
And his owne goodneſſe with himſelfe being gone,
Shall liue when earthelye monument is none.

Not monumental ſtone preſerues our fame,
Nor ſky aſpiring pyramides our name.
The memorie of him for whom this ſtands,
Shall outlive marbell and defacers' hands:
When all, to time's conſumption ſhall be giuen,
STANLEY, for whom this ſtands, ſhall ſtand in heaven.

Tong, Salop.

[*Said, in Sir W. Dugdale's "Viſitation Book" to have been written by Shakeſpere.*]

c. 1600. *Thomas Wyſeman.*

Who lyſts to ſee & knowe himſelfe
Maye loke vpon this glaſſe,
And wey the beaten paths of deathe
Whiche he ſhall one daye paſſe.

Which way Thomas Wyſeman
With patient mynde hath gonne,
Whoſe bodye here as death hath charged
Lyeth couered with this ſtonne.

Thus duſt to duſt is brought againe,
The earthe ſhee hath her owne:
This ſhall the laſt of all men be,
Befoure the trump be blowen.

Great Waltham, Eſſex.

1600. *Horatio Palavicene.*

Here lyes Horatio Palavicene,
Who robb'd the Pope to lend the Queene.
He was a thief. A thief! thou ly'ſt;
For whie? he robb'd but Antichriſt.
Him Death wyth beſome ſwept from Babram
Into the boſom of oulde Abram.
But then came Hercules with his club,
And ſtruck him down to Beelzebub.

Babraham, Camb.

[*Quoted in Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.*]

c. 1600. *Gamaliel Pye.*

Mole ſvb hac, ſi fortè roges qvis (Candide lector?)
Vel qvalis recvbat, *Gamaliel Pivs* eſt.
Vita *pivm*, nomenqve *pivm*, mors ſancta *pivmqve*
Exhibet, & vita eſt nomine morte *pivs*.

Chriſt Church, Bridewell.

1601. *Leonard Smith.*

Leonard Smith, Fiſhmonger, ended his days
He feared the Lord and walked in his ways.
His bodye here in earthe doth reſte,
His ſoule with Chriſt in Heauen is bleſt.
The 14th day of May, Anno Dom. 1601.

S. Nicholas, Cole Abbey.

1603. *William Benſon.*

Heere th' earthly part of *William Benſon* lyes,
Whome *Robert Benſon* had by *Mary Lyle.*
The heauenlye movnted is above y^e^ ſkies
With winges of Fayth, diſſolu'd but for a while:
The linnen which he ſold was nere ſo white
As is ye Robe wherein ye Sovle is dight,
Yett *Thomas* movrnes in black, his onely ſonne,
And *Richard* (of whole blood,) his eldeſt brother:
Bvt *London's* reuerend Biſhop this hath done,
Which was by *Rauis* borne of the ſame Mother:
And *William Lyle*, first couſen to them all,
Long liue his uerse, penn'd this Memoriall.
Hee departed in ye 56 yeare of his age. An. Dom. 1603.

S. Olave's, Southwark.

1603. *Richard Aldworth & Elizabeth his Wife.*

My Turtle gone, all ioy is gone from mee,
Ile mourne awhile, and after flee:
For time brings youthfull Youths to age,
And age brings Death, our Heritage.

They liued maried togeather 44 yeares.
Their race is runne, and Heauen is wonne.

S. Andrew's, Holborn.

1604. *Sir Henry Goodyere.*

An ill yeare of a GOODYER vs bereft
Who gon to God, much lacke of him here left:
Fvll of good gifts, of bodye and of mynde,
Wyſe, comlie, lernede, eloquent, and kinde.

Hadley, Middleſex.

1604. *Dean Eedes.*

Viator ad tumulum de reverendiſſimo viro domino
RICHARDO EEDES olim hujus Eccleſiae Decano.

Ede, quis hic? *Eedes.* Cur hic? *Quia praefuit Aedi,*
Haec Domino qualis viſa? *Beata Domus.*
Ede gradum? *Doctor.* Qualis? *Sacer Oxonienſis.*
Tamne pius vitâ quam fuit ore? *Fuit.*
Cur lapis et loqueris? *Sub me jacet orphea vincens.*
Iſte facit pluſquam, ſaxa movere, loqui.
Cur lapis et lacrimas? *Jacturam defleo tantam.*
Eja! viatorem me quoque flere facis.

Worceſter Cathedral.

1605. *Frances Croke, "the loued & beloued wife of Paulus Ambroſius Croke."*

Wellborne ſhe was, but better borne againe,
Her firſt birth to the fleſh did make her debtor,
The latter in the Spirit, (by Chriſt,) hath ſet her
Freed from fleſhe's debtes, Death's firſt & latter gaine:
Wives pay no debtes whos Huſbands liue & reigne.

S. Katharine-Cree.

1607. *Nicolas Luttrell.*

If long conſuming ſickneſſe be a deathe,
I was long dead before I gaue my breathe :
Bvt if in hopefull iſſue parents liue,
I'm not halfe dead, my beſte part doth ſuruiue :
Ther's noe life loſt, my progeny hath this,
My ſovle a better life enjoyes in bliſſe.
NICHOLAS LUTTRELL. 1607.

Stoke S. Nectan, (*Hartland*,) *Devon.*

1608. *Thomas Sothertone.*

Under this cold marbell ſleepes
He for whom even marbell weepes
His name lives here in good men's hearts
Whilſt Heaven enjoiès his better parts.
The race of fyftye yeares and three
His lyfe ran oute religiouſlye.
Of gentill blud more worthy merrit
Whoſe breſt encloſed an humbell ſperrit.
Oh ! death—thow haſt the boddy wone
Of worthy *Thomas Sothertone.*
His vertues 'bove thy power is rayſed
And ſhall while tyme dooth laſt bee prayſed.
Hir one yeare's Father Norw^ch^ choſe him
And wyſhed that ſhee myght never loſe him
So deare a friend unto hir ſtate
Is reft from hir by cruell fate.
But 'twas decreed all that hath breth
Muſt paſs ye wombe to grave by deth :
So all muſt tread ye path that hee hath done
And by deth follow worthy *Sothertone.*
Obiit. May 12. 1608.

S. John Maddermarket, *Norwich.*

1608. *Thomaſin Petre.*

Heere underlyeth Thomaſin Godolphin, The Wife of Thomas Petre, Gentlem: who dyed the ix of Septr. 1608.

She was to God and Hvſbande trewe
A mirror for all wyves to veiwe:
The poore, the lame, the ſicke & needy,
She did releeve moſt liberally:
She lyved ſo good and godlye lyfe,
As never wronged man, maid, or wyfe:
And made ſo good and godlye ende,
As none the ſame on earth may mende.

Formerly at Okehampton, Devon.

1608. *Thomas Leake.*

Here reſts T. Leake whos vertues were ſo known
In all theſe parts, that this engraued ſtone
Needs navght relate bvt his vntimely ende,
Which was in ſingle fight: whylſte yovth did lende
His ayde to ualor, hee wth eaſe orepaſt
Many ſlyghte dangers greater than this laſte.
Bvt wilfull fate in theſe things gouerns all.
He towld ovt threeſcore yeares before his fall:
Mvch of w^h^ tyme hee waſted in this wood,
Mvch of his wealth, and laſte of all his blood.
1608. Feb. 4.

Blidworth, Hants.

1609. *John Roope.*

Twas not a winded or a withered face,
Nor long gray hares, nor dimneſs in the eyes,
Nor feble limbs, nor vncoth trembling pace,
Preſadg'd his death that here intombed lies:
His time was come, his Maker was not bovnde
To let him liue till all theis marks were fovnde:

His time was come, that time he did embrace
With ſence & feeling, with a joyfull herte,
As his beſt paſſage to a better place,
Where all his cares are ended, & his ſmarte.
This *Roope* was bleſte that truſted in God alone:
He lives twoe lives where others live bvt one.

S. Petrock's, Dartmouth.

1609. *Sir William Stone, Knight.*

As the Earth the Earth doth couer,
So vnder this Stone lyes another.
Sir *William Stone*, who long deceaſed
Ere the world's loue him releaſed,
So much it lou'd him, for they ſay
He anſwer'd death before his day,
Bvt tis not ſo, for he was ſought
Of one that him both made and bought.
He remain'd the great Lord's treaſure,
Who called for him at his pleaſure,
And receiu'd him. Yet be't ſayd
Earth grieu'd that heauen ſo ſoone was payd.

Heere likewiſe lyes inhumed in one bedde,
Dame *Barbara*, the wel beloved wife
Of this remembred Knight: whoſe ſoules are fled
From this dimme Vale to everlaſting life.
Where no more change, nor no more ſeparation
Shall make them flye from their bleſt habitation.

Graſſe of leuitie,
Span in breuitie,
Flowers felicitie,
Fire of miſerie,
Windes ſtabilitie,
is mortalitie.

Their riches were like corne
lent to the field,
What it receiv'd, it
manifold did yield.
Their bodies have a grave
their virtues none:
But ſhall with time grow greene
when they are gone.

Stone walls, braſs towers,
decay as flowers:
One gone, their good
is, Lo, heere they ſtood,
So tranſitory
is our glory.

S. Mary Magdalene, Milk Street.

1609. *Edward Sherland.*

Here lyeth the Body of *Edward Sherland*, of Gray's Inn, Eſqre, deſcended from the antient family of *Sherland* in the Iſle of Sheppey, in Kent; who lived the whole of his life a ſingle man, and dyed in this pariſh the 13th of May, 1609.

Tombes have no vſe, vnleſſe it be to ſhowe
The due reſpect which friend to friend doth owe.
Tis not a mauſolean monument
Or hireling epitaph that doth prevent
The flux of fame: a painted ſepulcher
Is but a rotten truſtleſſe treaſure,
A fair gate to oblivion.
But he whoſe life, whoſe euerie action,
Like well-wrought ſtones and pyramides, erecte
A monument to honour and reſpecte,
As this man did; he needs none other herſe,
Yet hath bvt due, hauing both tombe and verſe.

Elmſet, Suffolk.

1610. *Magdalen Curſon.*

She that lyes heere w^th^in this gloomy grave
Enioyd all vertues that a minde covlde have
Let this ſvffice thee then in breife to know
She once was ſvch as thov mayſt reade belowe.
Lord Dormer's daughter, Sr John Curſon's wife
To whom foure ſonns & daughte^rs^ twoe ſhe bore
Belou'd of all ſhe liud yet chang'd this life
For ſvch a life as neuer ſhall change more
A magdalen by name, a Saint by grace
Dy'de mvch bewaylde & bvried in this place.
Then happye ſhe who ſvch a life did leade
As ſhe nowe liues anewe thovgh ſhe is deade.

Waterpery, Oxon.

1611. *Anne Gibſon.*

Mentis vis Magna.

What, is ſhe dead? doth hee ſuruiue?
No, both are dead, and both aliue.
She liues, hee's dead, by love, through grieuinge:
In him, for her, yet dead, yet liuing.
Both dead and liuing? then what is gone?
One halfe of both, not any one.

{ One Mind, one Faith, one Hope, one Graue:
In Life, in Death, they had, & ſtill they haue. }

Amor coniugalis aeternus.

S. Alban's, Wood Street.

1611. *Barne Roberts.*

If humane worth could haue preſeru'd him ſtill,
He had been much too ſtrong for death to kill.
Yet being conquered, he got, by the ſtrife,
A better being in a better life:
So that great victor ouer nature lefte him
More happineſſe tennefold then he bereft him.

S. Stephen, Coleman Street.

1612. *Dr. Low.*

Stay paſſenger, and view this ſtone,
For vnder it lys ſvch an one,
Who cvr'd many while he liv'd,
So graciovs he no man griev'd.
Yea, when his phyſic's force oft fail'd,
His pleaſant pvrpoſe then preval'd.
For of his God he got the Grace
To live in mirth and dye in peace.
Heav'n has his ſovl, his corps this ſtone,
Sigh paſſenger, and then begone.

High Kirk, Glaſgow.

1612. *Catherine Mountague.*

VVhat Epitaph ſhall we afford this Shrine ?
VVords cannot grace this Piramid of thine :
Thy ſweet perfections, all ſvmm'd up, were ſvch,
As heauens (I thinke) for faith did thinke too mvche
Religious Zeale did thy pvre heart command,
Pitie thin eie, & Charitie thy hand :
Theſe Graces, ioyn'd with more of like degree,
Make each man's word an Epitaphe for thee.
Calm was thy death, well order'd was thy life,
A carefvll mother, & a louinge wife.
Aſk anie, how thoſe Vertves in thee grewe ?
Thou waſt a *SPENCER* and a *MOUNTAGUE.*

S. Buttolph's, Alderſgate.

1612. *John & Jane Pearſe.*

Here lie the corpes of JOHN and JANE his wife
Surnamed PEARSE, whom death bereaved of life.
O ! lovely PEIRCE, vntill death did them call
They obiectes were to love in generalle.
Living, they lived in fame & honeſtie
Dieing, they left both to their progenie.
Alive & dead al-waies their charitie
Hath, doth & will, help helpleſs povertie.
By nature they were two, by love made one
By death made two again, with mournful mone.
O ! crvell death, in turning odde to even
Yet bleſſed death in bringing both to Heaven.
On earth they had one bed, in earth one toombe
And now their ſoules in Heaven enjoy one roome.
Thus PEARSE, being peirced by death, doth peace obtaine
O ! happie PEIRCE ſince peace is PEARSE'S gaine.

He dyed the 10th day of December 1612. She dyed the 31ſt day of Jvlie 1582.

Bigbury, Devon.

1612. *John Rychards.*

I H S

Anno Dom^i. 1612.

Heare lyeth John Rychards under this wall,
A faythfull true ſervant to Turvey old Hall;
Page to the firſt Lord Mordaunt of fame,
Servaunt to Lewes, Lord Henry, & John:
Paynfull & carefull & juſt to them all,
Til death toke hys lyffe.
God have mercie of hys ſoule!
Amen.

Turvey, Beds.

1613. *Jane Gee.*

An epitaph of Edward Gee Parson of this Church vppon the death of his most deare wife Jane Gee who deceased the 21 day of September, 1613.

Oh that in Hymenaeus' bookes I neare had been enrould,
Woe worth alas, my light, my Jane, lies here iclad in mould:
Scarce ten yeares had we libde in bliss, but death reft Jane away;
Envious Death woe worth my light, my Jane, lies here in clay;
Here Jane thou lyth, to whom Admet' wyffe vnequal was:
In faithfulness Penelope thou diddest far surpasse.
Neber was woman to her spouse or to her imps more kind,
A more godlye & modest one than thee no mā could finde.
Therefore a happy soule in peace eternally remayne
In hebens high, where thou dost in the blessed kingdom rayne,
Yet shall thy features, O my Jane, out of my heart then slyde,
When beasts from field, & fishes all out of ye seas shall glyde,
Henceforth I will no more alight vpon a fair green tree,
But as the turtle w^b has lost his deare mate I will be.

Tedburn S. Mary, Devon.

1613. *Sir James Pemberton, Knt.*

Vertue & Death being both enamoured
On worthy *Pemberton*, In heate of Loue
To be poſſeſte of what each coueted
Thus did they dialogue, & thus they ſtroue.

Vertue . VVhat Vertue challengeth, is but her right.
Death . VVhat Death layes claim to, who can contradict?
Vert . . Vertue whoſe power exceeds all other might.
Dea . . Wher's Vertue's power when Death makes all ſubmit?
Vert . . I gaue him life, & therfore hee is mine.
Dea . . That life he held no longer than I liſt.
Vert . . I made him more than mortall, neere Diuine.
Dea . . How hapt he could not then Death's ſtroke reſiſt?
Vert . . Becauſe (by nature) all are borne to dye.
Dea . . Then thine owne tongue yeelds Death the victory.
Vert . . No Death, thou art deceiv'd, thy enuious ſtroke
Hath giuen him life immortall, 'gainſt thy will.
Dea . . VVhat life can be but vaniſheth as ſmooke?
Vert . . A life that all thy darts can never kill.
Dea . . Haue I not lockt his body in the graue?
Vert . . That was but duſte, & that I prey thee kepe.
Dea . . That is as much as I deſire to haue,
His comely ſhape in my eternall ſleepe.
Vert . . But wher's his honourable life, renowne & fame:
Dea . . They are but breathe, them I reſign to thee.
Vert . . Them moſte I couet. *Dea.* I prefer my claime.
His body mine. *Vert.* Mine his Eternity.

And ſo they ceaſt. Death triumphs o're his graue,
Vertue o're that which Death can never haue.

S. John Zachary.[1]

[1] *This was one of the City Churches not rebuilt after the Great Fire.*

1613. *Anne Ferrar*, *aet.* 21.

Here was a Bud, beginning for her May:
Before her flower, Death tooke her henſe away.
But for what cauſe? That friends might ioy the more.
Where their hope is, ſhe flouriſheth now before.
She is not loſt, but in thoſe ioyes remaine,
Where friends may ſee, & ioy in her againe.

S. Benet-Sherehog.

1613. An epitaph upon *Anthony Cooke* who deceaſed upon Eſter Monday, anno dom. 1613.

At the due ſacrifice of the Paſchall Lambe,
Aprill had eayght dayes wept in ſhowrs, the cam
Leane hungrie Deathe who never pitty tooke,
And 'cawſe ye Feaſte was ended ſlew this *Cooke*.
On Eſter-Monday he lyves then no daye more,
But ſvnke to riſe w^t^ Him that roſe before.
Hee's heere entombed, A man of vertues' line
Outreche his yeares, yet they were ſeaventy nyne.
Hee left on earth tenn Children of eleaven
To keepe his Name whilſte himſelfe went to Heauen.

S. Peter's, Yoxford.

1613. *Izan Edwards.*

Vertue is not dead.

The ſoule in Heauen, the bodye here, of *Izan* lyes,
By her *John Edwards* good, & by her Parents bothe:
She deare to all her three, that liuing, ſtill ſhe cryes
Lay me by them, for other graue I loathe.
Oh God! that heardſt the crie of this thy creature,
Make *Izans* many, in Vertue, Grace, and Feature.
As Loue (in Life) conioyn'd vs once,
And God (by Death) diſioyn'd vs twaine:
So Loue (by Death) reioyn'd ovr bones,
And God (in Ioy) ioyn'd vs againe.

All Hallows, Lombard St.

1613. *Lady Mary Salter, wife of Sir W. Salter, one of her Majeſty's cupbearers, & daughter of Thos. Sherland of Suffolk.*

Here the earthly manſion of a heavenly mind,
A worthy Matron's mortal part, is ſhrin'd.
More might be ſaid, if any tombe or ſtone
Were large enough for her inſcription.
But words are bootles, more elegies hurl'd
Upon her hearſe were vaine, for to the world,
Like a vain glorious gamſter, 'twould but boaſt
Not what it hath, but what it has loſt;
And making her lyfe knowne, would cauſe my feare
'Twas greater than vertue's ſtrength would beare.

Iver, Bucks.

1614. *Mary Travers.*

Here lyes a *Mary*, mirror of her ſexe,
For all that beſt their ſoules or bodies decks,
Faith, forme, or fame, the miracle of youth,
For zeale & knowledge of the ſacred Truth,
For frequent reading the whole Holy Writ,
For feruent prayer, & for practice fit,
For meditations, fvll of vſe & art,
For humbleneſſe in habite & in heart,
For pious, prudent, peacefull, praiſefull life,
For all the vertues of a chriſtian wife;
For patient bearing ſeuen dead-bearing throwes,
For one aliue, which yet dead with her goes.
From *Travers* her deare ſpovſe, her father *Hayes*,
Lord Maior, more honored in her vertuous praiſe.

Quam pie obijt puerpera die octauo martij
Anno Aetatis 29. Anno Salutis 1614.

S. Pancrate, Needler's Lane.

1614. *Sir Thomas Overbury, his epitaph.*

The ſpan of my daies meaſur'd, heare I reſt,
That is my Bodye ; but my Soule his gueſt
Is henſe aſſended whither neither Tyme,
Nor Faythe nor Hope : but onelie Loue can Clyme.
Where beinge nowe enlighten'd Shee doeth knowe
The Trueth of all men argve of belowe.
Onelie this Dvſt doeth heare in pawne remaine,
That when the Worlde diſſolues, Shee com agayne.

Thomas Overbury.
1614.

1614. *Richard & Mary Bluett of Holcombe-Rogus.*

NOR GOODNES, NOR DESERT, MUST HOPE TO HAVE
A PRIVILEDGE OF LIFE AGAINST THE GRAVE,
FOR THOSE LIE HERE INTOMBD : DEATH DID HIS BEST,
IT CHANGED BUT HOURES OF TOYLE FOR HOURES OF REST ;
WHICH THIS GOOD MAN HATH FOUND. HIS FAITH MADE WAY
TO HEAVEN BEFORE : HIS WORKES STILL DAY BY DAY
NOW FOLLOW HIM. SUCH GRACE DOTH MERCY GIVE,
AND WHO LIVES WELL TO DYE, DYES WELL TO LIVE.
NASCENDO C MORIUR MORIEDO RENASCIMUR.

A MODEST MATRON HERE DOTH LIE
A MYRROR OF HER KIND ;
HER HUSBAND & HER CHILDREN'S GOOD,
HER LYKE IS RARE TO FIND.
GODLY, CHASTE, AND HOSPITABLE,
A HOUSEWIFE RARE WAS SHE ;
Y^E POORE SHE OFTEN WOULD RELIEVE,
YET WOULD NOT WASTEFUL BE
HER DEATH A PATERN WAS TO DIE
HER LIFE WAS GOOD LIKEWISE ;
HER LIFE & DEATH ASSUER HER FRIENDS,
THAT SHE TO JOY SHALL RYSE.

VIXI IN ERETO MORIOR IN PORTU.

Holcombe-Rogus, Devon.

1614. *Dorothea Doddridge.*

As when a curyous clocke is out of frame
A workman takes in peeces small the same
And meding what amisse is to be found
The same rejoynes and makes it trewe & sound
So God this Ladye into two partes tooke
Too soon her soule her mortall corse forsooke
But by his mighte att length her bodie found
Shall rise rejoynd unto her soule new crownd
Till then they rest in earth and heabe sundred
Att which conjoynd all such as libe we the wondred.

Exeter Cathedral.

1614. *Juliana Osborne.*

BONIFANT a Virgin ; OSBORNE a loyall wife
For thirty yeares ; a Widdow was fourty and more.
A hundred yeares almoste she lead her life,
Kinde to the riche and good to the poore.
Here lyes her dust whose soule's to Heauen gone,
Since she did liue and dye a saintlike one.

Clyst S. George, Devon.

1615. *Robert Kerwin.*

ROBERT KERWIN now here doth lie,
A man of proved honestie :
Whose sowle to heaven hense did flie,
To enjoy Christ his felicitie,
The seaventh of Februarie. 1615.

Penshurst, Kent.

1615. *John Wally.*

In ſpe reſvrrectionis hic jacet corpvs Johannis Wally, qvonda: maior huivs civitatis: qvi obiit 4to die *Aprilis.*

Thoſe blvſteringe ſtorms, which threat the bleſſed peace
Of virtves sovle, nere her departure ceaſe,
Like miſtie vapovrs which obſcure the ſvn,
Yet often vaniſh ere his covrſe be done;
True worth hath wings to beare her ſpotleſs name
Above the reach of ill-begotten fame.
Witneſſe the aged tenant of this tombe,
Whoſe harmleſs life was ſubject to the doome
Of headſtrong raſhness; but ſince here he lay,
Error's reverſed, and trvth hath got the day:
In heaven, kind reader, is his ſpirit bleſt,
Bleſs thov his name, and let his body reſt.
Anno domini 1615.

Bath Abbey.

1616. *Henry Airay, Provoſt.*

Ignis et afflantes pvrgarent A E R A venti
Tranſitvs in coelvm promptior inde patet.

Queen's College, Oxford.

1616. *Anne Andrews.*

Nicholas Andrews to his deareſt wife *Anne*
doth this laſt office of loue; for ſhe was

Religious	Loving
Chaste	Faire
Discreet	Obedient

She liued but 25 yeeres, & dyed at *Chigwell*, in *Eſſex*, the 12 day of June, 1616: and was heer vnder interred (in great ſorrow) the Thurſday following: leauing behind her liuing two ſonnes, *William* & *Nicholas.*

All Hallows Barking.

1616. *William Crowche.*

Loe thus he died, for vaine and fraile is flesh;
Yet liues his soule (by faith) in endlesse blisse,
By Faith in Christ; whose grace was so enlarged,
That by his bloud, man's sinne he hath discharged.

S. Dunstan's in the West.

1616. *William Shakspeare.*

IVDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM.
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MAERET, OLYMPVS HABET.

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST,
READ IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST
WITHIN THIS MONVMENT, SHAKSPEARE, WITH WHOME
QVICK NATVRE DIDE: WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK Y^S TOMBE,
FAR MORE THEN COST: SIEH ALL Y^T HE HATH WRITT
LEAVES LIVING ART BVT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WITT.

OBIIT ANO. DO 1616.
AETATIS 53. DIE 23 AP.
North wall of Chancel.

On the Gravestone.

GOOD FREND, FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HERE
BLESE BE Y^E MAN Y^T SPARES THES STONES
AND CVRST BE HE Y^T MOVES MY BONES.

Stratford-on-Avon.

1616. *Richard Randall, one of the Governors of Christ's Hospital.*

No cause to mourne, though here he lye,
That gave to many cause to cry:
For though his body turne to dust,
His Soule doth liue among the iust.

S. Mary Summersett.

1617. *John Stone, a Freemaſon.*

On our great Corner-Stone this *Stone* relied
For bleſſing on his building, louing moſt
To build God's temples; in works he dyed,
And liued the temple of the Holy Ghoſt.
In whoſe hard life is proued an honeſt fame,
God can of Stones raiſe ſeed to Abraham.

Sidbury, Devon.

1617. *John Sherman.*

Under this monument lyes one
Did good to many, hurt to none:
Friended the rich, relieved the poor,
Was kind to all—who can do more?
That loved Hoſpitality,
Yet hated Prodigality.

Ottery-S.-Mary, Devon.

[*Part of a very long one.*]

1617. *Sir Charles Cavendiſh.*

Charles Cavendiſh to his Sonnes.

Sonnes, ſeek not me among theſe poliſh'd ſtones,
Thoſe only hide part of my fleſh and bones;
Which did they here ſo neat or proudly dwell,
Will all be duſt, and may not make me ſwell.

Let ſuch as have outliv'd all praiſe
Truſt in the toombs their carefull friends do raiſe:
I made my life my monument, and yours,
To which there's no material that endures;
Nor yet inſcription like it. Write but that,
And teache your nephews it to emulate;
It will be matter loud enough to tell
Not when I died, but how I liv'd. Farewell.

Bolſover, Derb.

1618. *John Bonner.*

The Epitath of John Bonner.

Heare lyeth intombed *John Bonner* by name,
Sonne of *Bonner* of Pebworth, from thence he came.
The 17 of October he ended his daies,
Pray God that wee liuinge may follow his wayes.
1618 by the yeare.
Scarce are ſuch to be found in this Shere.
Made & ſett vp by his loueing frend
Evens his kindeſman, & ſoe I doe ende.

John Bonner ſenior. *Thomas Evens* junior.
1618.

Mickleham, Glouc.

1618. *Lucy Bromfield.*

The Huſbande ſpeakinge trewly of his Wife,
Read his loſſe in hir deathe, hir praiſe in hir life.

Heare *Lucie Quinſie Bromfielde* bvried lyes
With neighbours weepinge, hartes, ſighes, eies,
Children eleaven, tenne liuinge, me ſhe brought,
More kinde, trewe, chaſt, was noane, in deed, word, thought;
Howſe, children, ſtate, by hir was rul'd, bred, thrives,
One of the beſt of maides, of women, wives,
Now gone to God, hir hearte ſent longe before;
In faſting, prayer, faith, hope, & almſdeedes ſtoare.
If anie fault, ſhe loued mee too muche.
Ah! pardon that, for ther are too fewe ſvch!
Then, Reader, if thou not hard hearted bee,
Prais God for hir, bvt ſighe & praie for mee.

Heare by hir dead, I dead deſire to lye,
Till, raiſ'd to life, wee meet no more to dye.
1618.

Titchfield, Hants.

1619. *Elizabeth & Gertrude Leigh.*

To the remembrance of the two moſt worthie & religious Gentlewomen, his late deare & loyall uiues, *Mrs. Elizabeth Bampfield* who died vijth march 1615, Having bin ye Mother of 15 hopful children. And *Mrs. Gartrude Parcevall* who dyed childles the xxij of decemb^{r} 1619, was this monument conſecrated by their louing & ſorrowful[1] huſband BARNABAS LEIGH.

Since neither Penne nor Pencill can ſet forth
Of theſe two matchles Wives the matchles worth,
W'are forc't to cover in this ſilent Tombe
The Prayers of a chaſt & fruitful Wombe :
And with Death's ſable vail in Darknes hide
The ritch rare Vertues of a barren Bride.
Sweet ſaint-like Paire of Soules in whom did ſhine
Such models of Perfection faeminine.
Such pietie, Love, Zeale, that tho' we ſinners
Their Lives have loſt : Yet ſtill themſelves are winners.
For they, ſecure, Heaven's Happines inherit,
Whilſt we lament their Loſſe, admire their Merit.

Arreton, I. of Wight.

[1] *He had married a 3rd wife at the date of erecting this.*

1619. *Elizabeth Leigh.*

The religious & Vertuous Ladie, ELIZABETH LEIGH, Daugh^{r} of JOHN DINGLEY, Eſqvire, late Wife of Sir JOHN LEIGH, Knight, Died ye 27 day of Octob^{r} Ano. Dni. 1619. And lyeth here interred.

Sixteene a Maid & fiftie yeares a Wife
Make ye Summe totall of my paſſed life.
Longe Thred, ſoe finelie ſpunne, ſoe fairlie ended,
That fewe ſhall match this Patterne, fewer mend it :

What Friends, what Children, what bleſt Marriage,
Dead I forgette ; liuinge I light eſteemed
For thy deare Loue (O Chriſte) y^t has redeemed
My ſovle from Hell ; & ſhortlie ſhall vpraiſe
This mortall Dvſt, in Heaven to ſinge thy Praise.

Arreton, I. of Wight.

1619. *William Keeling.*

Here lyeth the bodye of ye right worthie WM. KEELING Eſquire, Groome of ye Chamber to our Soveraign Lorde KING JAMES, General for the Hon. *Eaſt India Adventurers*, where he was thrice employed, & dying in this *Iſle* at the age of 42, an: 1619, Sep: 12. hath this remembrance been fixed by his louing & ſorrowfull Wife *Anne Keeling*.

Fortie & two yeares in this Veſſell fraile
On the rough Seas of Life did *Keeling* ſaile
A Merchant fortunate, a Captaine bould.
A Courtier graciovs, yett alas ! not old.
Svch Worth, Experience, Honour & high Praiſe
Few winne in twice ſoe many yeares & daies.
Bvt what ye worlde admired, he deem'd bvt droſſe
For CHRIST ; without *Chriſt* all his Gain bvt loſſe ;
For Him & His deare Loue, with merrie cheere
To the Holy Land his laſt courſe hee did ſteere :
Faith ſerued for Sailes, the ſacred *Word* for Card,
Hope was his Anchor, Glorie his Reward :
And thvs with gales of Grace, by happie Venter
Through Straits of Death, Heaven's Harbour he did enter.

Cariſbrook, I. of Wight.

1620. *Richard Swift.*

R eader knowe that this narowe earthe
I ncloſeth one whoſe name & worthe
C an liue when marbell falls to dvſte :
H onor'd abroade for wiſe & iuſte,
A ſke the Ruſſe & Sweden, theis
R eport his prudence with theire peace.
D eare when at home, to his fayth giv'n
S teadfaſt as earthe, deuovt to Heaven.
W iſe merchant he ſome ſtorms endvr'd,
I n ye beſte porte his ſoule ſecvr'd.
F or feare thou ſhould'ſt forget his name
T is the firſt Epitaphe of fame.

Bakenham, Suffolk.

1620. *Robert Longe.*

The life of Mann is a trewe Lottarie,
Where venterouſe Death draws forth lotts ſhorte & longe:
Yet free from fraude & partiall flatterie,
Hee ſhufl'd Sheildes of ſeuerall ſize amonge,
Drewe LONGE : & ſoe drewe longer his ſhort daies,
Th' Auncient of daies beyonde all time to praiſe.

Broughton-Gifford, Wilts.

1620. *John & Berſeba Taylor.*

The bleſſed token of the Daughter's loue,
Vnto the Father's kind and louing care,
May to the World this monument approue,
How bleſſed Parents in their children are :
And bleſſed God, that ſo his loue expreſſeth
Who thus both Parents & the Children bleſſeth.

S. Margaret, Lothbury.

c. 1620. —— *Meredeth.*

Life is the Day of Grace, and Death the Night;
Live well, who knows when he ſhall looſe the Light.
Soe did the tenant of this tombe, for hee
Made hast to purchaſe Immortalitie.
Death finding him receaving Cvſtomes, Lookes,
Tymes, Records, ſvmde his days, and croſſ'd the Bookes.
And now the Cvſtomer's from Cvſtomes free,
He paid to Nature what her Dvties bee.
Scarce had hee ranne ovt halfe his race of life,
When Heaven and Earth to have him were at Strife:
Whoſe active Sovle wore ovt his fleſh ſoe nigh,
Twas time ſhe ſhovld the tired corps lay by.
To bad men death is ſad; when good men dy,
It is then Birth to ioyes eternitie:
Iudg then, what hee did looſe who loſt bvt breath,
Liv'd to die well, and dyed a MEREDETH.

Non tam orba quam mortalitas finita.

[*No Chriſtian name or date.*]

Marſhfield, Somerſet.

1620. *Sarah Haydon.*

Apollo moiſt this tomb with tears
For ſuch great loſs in tender years.
Vertue's hope now is dead,
And fro' earth to Heaven is fled.
Wit's perfection with pure ſpirit
Doth an Angel's place inherit.
Stay in that celeſtial ſkie,
Where thou ſhalt live and never die.

Ottery S. Mary, Devon.

1621. *Gabriel Laurence.*

With diligence & truſt moſt exemplary
Did *Gabriel Laurence* ſerve a Prebendary.
And for his paines, (now paſſed before, not loſt,)
Gained this remembrance at his Maſter's coſt.
Oh! read theſe lines againe, you ſeldom find
A Servant faithful, and a Maſter kind.

Short-hand he wrote—his flow'r in prime did fade,
And haſty Death *ſhort-hand* of him hath made.
Well couth he numbers, & well meaſured land,
Thus doth he now that groud whereon you ſtand:
Wherein he lies ſo geometricall,
Art maketh ſome—but this will nature all.
Ob. Dec. 28, 1621. *aetat.* 29.

Weſtminſter Cloiſters.

1622. *John Day, Vicar.*

This portraiture preſents him to thy ſight
Who was a bvrninge and a ſhininge light:
But now, conſvm'd to aſhes, here hee lyes
Who ſpent himſelfe to lighten others' eies.

Pinner, Middleſex.

1623. *Anne Hathaway, wife of Mr. William Shakſpeare.*

Vbera, tum mater, tu lac vitamq dediſti
Vae mihi; protanto munera ſaxa dabo!
Quam mallem amoveat lapidem, bonus Angel' ore'
Exeat ut Chriſti corpus, imago tua,
Sed nil vota valent, venias cito Chriſte reſurget
Clavſa licet tumulo mater, et aſtra petet.

Stratford-on-Avon.

[*Written by Dr. John Hall.*]

1623. *William Bourschier, Earl of Bath.*

HOC FAC ET VIVIS.
BATHONÆ COMTI DEVONÆ PRÆFECTO MEMORIÆ ERGO

Mors mihi lvcrvm Ana Crono Epi Bon Temps viendra
Morior . . Orior Gramma Finis . . Coronat

In } sepul { tvm
Ad } { chrvm

Gvlielmvs Bovrchier
Ana
Lvge (ſi ob lvcrvm Heri)
Quid ſibi vult Tvmvlvs ? quæve hæc inſignia lvctûs ?
Eſt Comes in Svperos ecce Locumq̃ tenens !
Qvare fles, Devonia ? vel, Bathonia, qvare ?
EXIIt en bon teMps nVnCq̃ VIenDra patet (Crono)
IVLIVS, hoc, menſis fvit AVGVSTISSIMVS, anno
Atq̃ SECVNDA (decem jvnge) SECVNDA dies
Non amor, invidia eſt, Dolor, evge, lege, ALME VIATOR,
Et diſce exemplo VIVERE, diſce mori,
Sic cecinit, non flevit.

Tawſtock, Devon.

1623. *William Penell.*

This ſtone that couers earth & claye
Longe in ye earth vncouered laye :
Man forc't it from ye mother's wombe,
And made therof for man a tombe.
And nowe it ſpeakes, and thvs doeth ſaye . .
The life of man is but a daye :
The daye will paſs, the night mvſt come :
Then here, poore man, is all thy roome.
The writer & the reader mvſt,
Like this good man, be turned to dvſte :

He liued well, & ſoe doe thou :
Then feare not deathe, when, where, or howe
It comes : 'twill end all greiffe & paine,
And make thee euer liue againe.

Lindridge, Worc.

1623.

Paſtor eram, dum paſtor eram : nunc fiſtula dulcis
Nunc tuba, quâ torvum ſprevit ovile lupum :
Sic ductans teneros fidus cum matribus agnos
Edocui juvenes, admonuique senes.

Orwell, Camb.

1623. *John Hellierd.*

Decimo Tertio die Decembris ano dni 1623

Of Iohn. Hellierd Gentle. who dyed this day.
Wee that are livinge have iuſt cavſe to ſay
That never man dyed more Chriſtian like death
Which to vs appeared even by his laſt breath.
As terefore his body doth herevnder reſt
So dovbtles his ſovle in heaven is bleſt.
For we finde in te Scriptvre by ſacred record
That bleſſed are they who dy in the Lord.
God gravnt vs all then his mercy and grace
So to end this life that in heaven we may have place
There to remaine for ever and ever
With Abrm and Iſaack and this my deare father.

Per me Na : Hellierd filium prdci iohis.

Road, Somerſet.

1623. *Tobie Waterhous.*

An° Dn̄i 1623 . Ivne . 14.

Tobie Waterhous aged fowre yeares & ſixe moneths full of grace & truthe As a veſſell not as ye fountaine . depted this life . the youngeſt sone

of

Tobie Waterhous Doc^r in Divinitie The youngeſt ſonne of Gregorie Waterhous Eſqr The youngeſt ſonne of Robert Waterhous of ye Moote Hall in Halli-faxe in Yorkſhire Eſqr.	Elizabeth Copley Daughter of Edward Copley of Southill in Bedfordſhire Eſquire.

Both Life & Grace in the, ſweet babe, Like paralells rann on
When ſudden death did ſeeme to make their points to meet in one,
But then on the did Life & Grace, thy paralells attend
Whoſe equall *Lenght* keeps equall *Bredth*, Now, never meeting End.

Whitwell, Derb.

1623. *William Burgoin.*

Here lyes *Will Burgoin*, a Squire by deſcent,
Whoſe death in this world many people lament:
The Rich for his love,
The Poor for his alms,
The Wiſe for his knowledge,
The Sick for his balms.
Grace he did love & Vice control,
Earth has his Bodye & Heaven his Soule.
The 12th daye of Auguſt in the morn dyed he
1 6 and 2 3.

Arlington, Devon.

1624. *Humphrey Cole.*

Hic jacet Humphridus carbo, carbone notandus
Non nigro, creta ſed meliora tua.
Claruit in clero, nulli pietate ſecundus
Coelum vi rapuit, vi cape ſi poteris.
Ob: 27 Mart: 1624. aet: 77.

Tillingham, Eſſex.

c. 1625. *On a monument erected in honour of the FORTESCUE FAMILY. At the top is an Eye ſurrounded by clouds, with iſſuant rays; beneath kneeling figures, and medallions containing buſts of ſeveral generations of children.*

Stay, *Reader*, ſtay, this ſtructure ſeems t' invite
Thy wandering Eyes, on it to fixe thy ſighte.
In this Pile's ſummit thou majſt deſcrie
Heaven's all beholding & all guiding Eye
That ſheds his benediction's gracious beames
Of Love & Goodneſs on theſe fruitfull ſtreames
Of numerous iſſue, ſprong from nuptiall tyes
With various antient worthy families.
Here is in briefe preſented to thy viewe
The long liv'd race of honoured FORTESCUE
Combin'd in holyeſt rites, on Time's faire ſcroll
W^th^ CHICHESTER, then SPECCOTT, laſt with ROLLE.
And long & wide may ſacred Grace and Fame
Produce & propagate this generous Name
That it may brooke what Honour gave in fielde
Le fort Eſcue, the ſtrong & laſting Shielde.
A Shielde not only their own righte to fence
But alſo to repell wrong's violence.
Which, that it may accordingly be done
Pray, *Reader*, pray GOD be their Shielde & Sunne.
HUGO FORTESCUE, sCutiger, sVperſtes, Vir Mariæ Rolle, iſthoc fieri fecit, honoris cauſâ.

Wear Gifford, Devon.

1625. *Mary Holdſworth.*

THE LORD GAVE
[her a pious chriſtian
A dutiful child, an
affectionat ſiſter, and
an obliging neighbour,
an affable indering
Friend.] THE LORD HATH
TAKEN AWAY [her a Virgin,
redeemed from among
men to be with the LAMBE.
Having the name of the
LAMBE and of his FATHER
written in her for : head.
Rev. 1.] BLESSED BE THE NAME OF
THE LORD.

South Stoneham, Hants.

1625. *Sir Lawrence Tanfield.*

Here ſhadows lie
Whilſt earth is ſadd ;
Still hopes to die
To him ſhee hadd.

In bliſſe is hee
Whom I loved beſt ;
Thrice happy ſhee
With him to reſt.

So ſhall I bee
With him I loved ;
And he with mee,
And both us bleſſed.

Love made me poet,
And this I writt ;
My heart did do it,
And not my witt.

Burford, Oxon.

[*Written by his wife.*]

1625.

Memoriæ Sacrum

LAURENTIO & MARIÆ CALDWELL conjugibus, ſacro fœdere junctis, & duodenæ Prolis Parentibus, Quorum Uxor & Mater MARIA obiit Octobris xx. Anno Dom. 1621. *Maritus & Pater LAURENTIUS Novemb.* 21, 1625. *Septuagenariis utriſq. Liberalibus & ſuis, & de ſuis. Hoc Sepulchrum poſuere parentalis hæredes Bonitatis, Filii eorum obſervantiſſimi: Quos defunctos & Deus habet, et pauperes carendo lugent.*

Omnia Oſſa juſti cuſtodit Dominus.

Here is lodg'd a loving Pair,
Sleeping, reſt they free from Care.
Though their journey, from their Birth,
Had been tedious long on Earth,
He that freed them from their Sin
Sent them to this holy Inn.
Joyful *Requiems* for to ſing
Hallelujahs to their King
Til the Summons, til the Day;
Til the Trump ſound *Riſe*, *Away*.

S. Michael, Cornhill.

1626. *John Jarret, Grocer.*

Some cal'd him GARRET, but that was too high,
His name was IARRET that here doth lye:
Who in his life was toſt on many a wave,
And now he lyes anchor'd in his own grave.
The Church he did frequent while he had breath,
He deſir'd to lye therein after his death.
To heaven he is gone, the way before,
Where of Grocers there is many more.

S. Saviour's, Southwark.

1627. *Anne Dunche.*

In honour of good Mrs. ANNE DUNCHE,
Ye Charitable,
Wife to good Mr. EDMUND DUNCHE,
Ye Hoſpitable.
Both ſweetly paradiſ'd in Eternity:
Reader, praiſe God, & pray for her Poſterity.

Little Wittenham, Bucks.

1627. *Ralph Tyer, Vicar.*

London bred me . . . Weſtminſter fed me
Cambridge ſped me . . my ſiſter wed me
Study taught me . . . living ſought me
Learning brought me . Kendal caught me
Labour preſſed me. . . ſicknefs diſtreſſed me
Death oppreſſed me . . the grave poſſeſſed me
God firſt gave me . . . Chriſt did ſave me
Earth did crave me . . and . . heaven would have me.

Kendal, Weſtmoreland.

1627, 8. *James Hardy & Elizabeth his Wife.*

Were here no Epitaph nor Monument,
Nor line, nor marble to declare the intent,
Yet goodnes hath a laſtinge memorie,
The *Jvſt* are like to Kinges that never dye.
Their death a paſſage or tranſlation is,
An end of woes, an orient to Bliſſe.
Thrice happy covple that doe now poſſes
The fruits of thine good works & holynes,
Now God rewards theire allmes & charitye,
Theire ſtrict obſervinge of Saboath's pyetie.
Here were they went to ſpend ther ſeaventhe day,
Heere was theire loue, their life, theire Heaven's way.

Here they did pray, bvt now they prayſes ſinge,
And God accepts their ſovles ſwwete Offeringe,
Onelye their bodyes heere remaine in grovnde,
Waitinge the ſvrge of the laſt Trvmpet's ſovnd.

Dagenham, Eſſex.

1628.

To the ſacred memory of that worthy & faithful miniſter of Chriſt Maſter RICHARD STOCK; who . . . . deceaſed Aprill 20, 1626, ſome of his loving pariſhioners have conſecrated this monument of their never-dying loue, Jan. 28, 1628.

Thy lifeleſſe Trunke
(O Reverend Stocke,)
Like Aaron's rod
Sprouts out againe;
And after two
Full winters paſt,
Yields Bloſſomes
And ripe fruit amaine.
For why, this work of pietye,
Performed by ſome of thy Flocke
To thy dead corpſe and ſacred vrne,
Is but the fruit of this old Stocke.

All Hallows, Bread Street.

1629. *Marya Arundell.*

Marya Arundell—Man a dry Laurel

Man to the marigold compar'd may bee,
Men may be liken'd to the laurell tree:
Both feede the eye—both pleaſe the optic ſenſe;
Both ſoone decaye—both ſuddenly fleete hence;
What then infer you from her name but this
Man fades away—Man a dry Laurell is.

Duloe, Cornwall.

1629. *Richard Beſt.*

If, Who lyes here? thou doſt enquire,
Reade, and ſoe haue thy deſire.
Richard Beſt his name, and free
O' th' Haberdaſhers' companye.
Y^e priveledg of Merchauntes hee
Did clayme with ye like libertye.
The yeares that here he paſſed ore
Wanted bvt one of fowerſcore:
Fourty yeares hee abroad did toyle,
The reſt he ſpent in his owne soyle.
Free from wedlocke, care, or ſtryfe,
Hee wedded was to ſingle life.
To haue more ſpoke hee did deſerue
Bvt 'twas his will that this ſhould ſerue.

Hee dyed ye 26 of Aprill
1629.

Geddington, Northants.

1630. *Ellen Reſon.*

The Charnel mounted on the W
Sits to be ſeen in Funer
A Matron plain, Domeſtic
In care and pains continu
Not ſlow, not gay, nor prodig
Yet neighbourly and hoſpit
Her children vii yet liuing
Her 67th yeare hence did c
To reſt her bodye natur
In hope to riſe ſpiritu

ALL.

Hadleigh, Suffolk.

1630. *Humphrey Brown.*

Humphrey Brown, Merch^{t}. ob: March 22, 1630. Alſo Elizabeth his Wife, daughter of *George White* of this Citie, Merchant.

Here lyes a BROWN, a WHITE, ye colours one,
Pale drawn by death, here ſhaded by a Stone;
One houſe did hold them both whilſt life did laſt,
One grave doe hold them both now life is paſt.

S. Werburgh, Briſtol.

1630. *Dorothy Pytt.*

Here lyes, diuorced from her hvſbande's ſide,
One that by death is made her Saviour's bride:
For on *Good-Friday* He did her betroth
Vnto himſelfe for euer where he goth:
And thvs vnited ſhe a gueſt became
Vnto the Marriage Svpper of ye Lambe.
Leauing her earthly mate grief to ſvſtaine:
Till death, by ſtriking him, weds her againe.
O languiſh then, my ſoule, vntill I ſee
My deareſt wife in her felicitie.

Ombury, Salop.

1630. *Richard White.*

In memoriam Ricardi White infantuli beatiſſimi

in re
Qui a peccato natus
ſine de

A lavacro ſimul et vitâ deceſſit, in vitam auſpicato albatus eternam.

Nailſea, Somerſet.

1631. *Edward St. Maur, the Infant Son of Wm. St. Maur, Earl of Hertford.*

SPEECHLESS THO' YET HE WERE, SAY ALL WE CAN
THAT SAW, HE PROMISE DID A HOPEFVLL MAN.
SVCH FRAME OF BODY, SVCH A HOLY SOVLE,
ARGV'D HIM WRITTEN IN THE LONG LIV'D ROVLE.
BVT NOW WEE SEE, BY SVCH AN INFANT'S LOSSE,
ALL ARE BVT INFANT HOPES, WHICH DEATH MAY CROSSE.

Collingbourne Ducis, Wilts.

c. 1631. *Edward Cordell.*

Heere *Edward Cordell*, Squier, lyes;
Who when he life poſſeſt,
Had place among the learn'd and wiſe,
And credit with the beſt.
Abigail Henningham, his wife
This Monument prepar'd,
For loue to him, who in his life,
To loue her well declar'd.
God hath his ſoule, this earth his earth,
Her heart his loue ſtill keeps,
The ods 'twixt you and him is breath,
Which gone, all fleſh thus ſleepes.

S. Dunſtan's-in-the-Weſt.

1632. *George Bolles, Lord Mayor.*

He poſſeſſed Earth as he might Heauen poſſeſſe
Wiſe to doe right, but never to oppreſſe,
His charity was better felt than knowne,
For when he gaue there was no trvmpet blowne.
What can more be comprized in one man's fame,
To crowne a ſoule, and leave a living name?

S. Swithin, Cannon Street.

1632. *Sir Rogers Manners.*

In memory of the Right Noble, Learned and Religious Knight, Rogers Manners of Whitwell in the County of Derby, who dyed the 17 of July Anno 1632.

A living academie was this Knight
Divinitye, the arts, the toungs, what might
In learned ſchooles exactly, be profeſt
Tooke up their lodginge in his Noble breaſt
Till death like Church diſtroyers did pull downe
MANNERS, true fabricque and the arts renowne.

Whitwell, Derb.

1633. *Meneleb Rainsford, aged* 9.

GREAT JOVE HATH LOST HIS GANYMEDE I KNOW
WHICH MADE HIM SEEK ANOTHER HERE BELOW
AND FINDINGE NONE, NOT ONE LIKE VNTO THIS
HATH TA'NE HIM HENCE INTO ETERNALL BLISS.
CEASE THEN FOR THY DEAR MENELEB TO WEEP
GOD'S DARLINGE WAS TOO GOOD FOR THEE TO KEEP:
BVT RATHER IOYE IN THIS GREAT FAVOUR GIVEN,
A CHILD IS MADE A SAINT IN HEAVEN.

Henfield, Suſſex.

1634. *Roger Earth.*

From Earth wee came, to Earth wee muſt retvrne,
Witneſs this EARTH that Lyes within this VRNE.
Begott by EARTH: Borne alſo of Earth's WOMBE,
74 yeares Lived EARTH, Now Earth's his TOMBE.
In Earth EARTH's Body Lyes Vnder this STONE,
Bvt from this Earth to Heauen EARTH's ſovle is gone.

Roger Earth: Armigr.
Obijt - 3° - die. APRILIS.
1634.

Dinton, Wilts.

1634. *Richard & Lucy Reynell.*

Friends, you that reede our names that counſell take
Wch being dead our living names doe ſpeake.

Richardo ☞ ☜ Lucye Reynell.

Anag. ad

CARE LERN LIVE & DYE RICH.

who Care to Live who Live & loue to leaRne
who leArne to dyE ſhall In their Deaths dYcerne
ſuch caRes rewaRde thVs live You all in whiCh
y^ou ſhall livE happy aNd beE ſure dyE rycH.

Woolborough, Devon.

1634. *Rev. John Dickes.*

Hic jacet reverendus Johannes Dickes hujus eccleſiae rector, denatus Auguſti 4°, 1634°.

Hic, haec, hoc, hunc, huic, hujus, bonus, optima clarum,
Fulgor, fama, decus, veſtit, adhaeret, erit,
Mente, anima, o, requiem vivens *ΑΙΟΕΚΛΕΤΟΣ* ille,
Carſit honore ſacro : jam ſuper aſtra manet.

Dunkerton, Somerſet.

1635. *Thomas Pierce.*

Here Lyeth Thomas pierce whom no man taught,
Yet he in Iron, Braſſe, and ſilver wrought.
He Jacks, and Clocks, and watches (with art) made,
And mended too when others worke did fade.
Of Berkeley five tymes Mayor this artiſt was,
And yet this mayor, this artiſt was but graſſe,
When his own watch was downe on the Laſt Day
He that made watches had not made a Key
To winde it up, but uſeleſſe it muſt lie
Untill he Riſe Againe no more to die !
Died Feb. 1635 a.d. æt. 77.

Berkeley, Glouc.

1635. *Robert Graye.*

Conſecrated To The Bleſſed Memory Of
Robert Graye Eſq. And Founder.

Taunton Bore Him : London Bred Him :
Piety Train'd Him ; Virtue Led Him :
Earth Enrich'd Him : Heaven Careſt Him :
Taunton Bleſt Him : London Bleſt Him :
This Thankful Town : That Mindful City :
Share His Piety And His Pity.
What He Gave, And How He Gave It,
Aſk The Poor And You Shall Have It.
Gentle Reader, Heaven May Strike
Thy Tender Heart To Do The Like.
Now Thine Eyes Have Read The Story,
Give Him The Praiſe, And GOD The Glory.

ÆTATIS SVÆ 65. ANNO DOM. 1635.

S. Mary Magdalene, Taunton.

1635. *Thomas Parr.*

The Old, Old, very Old Man, THOMAS PARR, was Born at the Glyn, within This Chapelry of Great Willaſton, and Pariſh of Alberbury, in the County of Salop, In the Year of our Lord, 1483. He lived in the Reigns of Ten Kings and Queens of England (viz) K. Edw. 4, K. Edwd. 5, K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7th, K. Hen. 8th, K. Edw. 6, Q. Mary, Q. Eliz., K. James 1ſt, and K. Charles 1ſt ; died the 13 and was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey on the 15th of November, 1635, Aged 152 years and 9 Months.

Great Willaſton, Cheſhire.

1635. *Thomas Randolph, Poet.*

Memoriae Sacrum Thomae Randolph, inter pauciores feliciſſimi atque facillimi ingenii juvenis, necnon majora promittentis, ſi fata viſum non invidiſſent ſaeculo.

Here ſleep thirteene together in one tombe,
And all theſe great, yet quarrel not for rome,
The muſes & the graces here did meete,
And graved theſe letters on the churliſh ſheete:
Who, having wepte their fountains dry,
Through the conduit of the eye,
For their friend who here doth lye,
Crept into his grave & dyed,
And ſoe the riddle is vntyed.
For which this church, proud that the fates bequeath
Unto her ever honoured truſt
Soe much & that ſoe precious duſt,
Hath twined her temples with an ivy wreath:
Which ſhould have laurel been,
But that the grieved plant, to ſee him dead,
Took pet, & withered.

Cujus cineres brevi hâc (quâ potuit) immortalitate donat Chriſtopherus Hatton, Miles de Balneo et Muſarum amator illius vero, quem deflemus, ſupplenda carminibus, quae marmoris et aeris ſcandalium manebunt perpetuum.

Blatherwycke, Northants.

1635. *Thomas Bannatine.*

"Hodie mihi, Cras tibi.

Vita quid eſt hominis? Flos, umbra et fumus, ariſta;
Illa malis longa eſt; illa bonis brevis eſt."

To day is mine, tomorrow yours may be;
Each mortal man ſhould mind that he muſt die.

What is man's life? a ſhade, a ſmoak, a flower,
Short to the good, to the bad doth long endure.

If thou liſt that paſſeth by,
Know who in this Tomb doth ly:
THOMAS BANNATINE, abroad
And at home who ſerved God.
Though no children he poſſeſt,
Yet the LORD with means him bleſt.
He on them did well diſpoſe,
Long ere death his eyes did cloſe.
For the poor his helping hand,
And his friends his kindneſs fand:
And on his dear bedfellow
JANET Mc MATH he did beſtow,
Out of his lovelie affection,
A fit and goodly portion.
Thankful ſhe herſelf to prove,
For a ſign of mutual love,
Did no pains nor charges ſpare
To ſett up this fabrick rare:
As ARTEMISE, that noble dame,
To her dear MAUSOLUS' name.

He died 16th July 1635 & of his age 65.

Oh! that men were wiſe to
- Know the multitude of thoſe that are to be damned, the paucity of thoſe that are to be ſaved, and the vanity of tranſitory things.
- Underſtand evil committed, good things omitted, and the loſs of time.
- Foreſee the danger of death, the laſt judgment, and eternal puniſhment.

Grey Friars, Edinburgh.

1636. *Cicely Puckering.*

Anagrama.
Miſtres Ciſſely Puckering
I ſleep ſecure, Chriſt's my King.

Death's terrors nought affright mee, nor his ſting;
I ſleep ſecure for Chriſt's my Sovereigne King.

S. Mary's, Warwick.

1636. *Sir Julius Caeſar.*[1]

Omnibus Xri fidelibus ad quos hoc presens Scriptum peruenerit: Sciatis, me Julium Adelmare Alias Caesarem militem: utriusq juris Doctorem: Elizabethae Reginae supremae curiae Admiralitatis Judicem, et unum e Magistris libellorum: Jacobo Regi a priuatis consilijs, Cancellarium scaccarij, et Sacrorum Scriniorum Magistrū hac presenti Carta mea Confirmasse me annuente Diuino numine naturae debitum libenter soluturum quam primū Deo placuerit. In cuius rei testimonium manum meam et sigillum opposui. datum. 88vii
Februarij a° d^ni mDC888v

Jul. Caeſar.

Per ipſum, tempore mortis ſuae, Carolo regi a priuatis Conſilijs, nec non Rotulorum Magiſtrum, vere pium, Apprime literatum, pauperibus in portu Charitatis receptaculum, patriae, filiis et Amicis ſuis percharisſimum, ſolutum eſt. Obijt. 18 *Die Aprilis a° d^ni* 1636. *AETATIS ſue*, 79.

IRROTULATUR CAELO.

S. Helen's, Biſhopſgate.

[1] "*Who, feeling the ruling paſſion ſtrong in death, moulded his epitaph in the form of a deed, to which he affixed his broad ſeal, which is 'railed,' and alſo its enrolment in a court, ſuperior, however, to that in which he uſed to preſide.*"—*Annals of S. Helen's, by Rev. J. E. Cox, D.D.*

1636. *Grace Grylls.*

Here lyeth Grace a flower gay,
Far paſſing all the flowers of May,
Even at the ſpring time of the yeare
Was pluckt, & feicht as fit to bee
In hands of higheſt majeſtye.
Then let us prayſe God for this
That ſhe is crown'd with endleſſe bliſs.

Totnes, Devon.

1637. *John Knowler.*

Here lies a piece of Chriſt, a ſtar in duſt,
A vein of gold, a china diſh that muſt
Be uſed in Heaven when God ſhall feed the juſt.
Approv'd by all, and loued so well,
Tho' young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

Herne, Kent.

1637. *Elizabeth Bedingfield.*

Elizabethæ Bedingfield
ſorori Franceſca ſuae
S. R. Q. P.

My name ſpeakes what I was, and am, and haue,
A Bedding field, a peece of earth, a graue:
Where I expect until my ſoule doth bring
Unto the field an euerlaſting ſpring.
For rayſe and rayſe out of the earth and flyme
God did the firſt, and will the ſecond tyme.
Obijt die 10 maij. 1637.

S. Giles', Norwich.

1637. *Thomas Harris.*

Fear not to die,
Learn this of me,
No fear in death,
If good thou be.

Aſhburton, Devon.

[*Alſo at Kenne, Devon, to Amias Southcott.*]

1637. *Nicholas Hookes.*

Here lyeth ye bodye of Nich: Hookes of Conway Ge^n. who was ye 41ſt child of his Father William Hookes Eſqre. by Alice his Wife, and ye Father of 27 children, who dyed ye 20th day of March 1637.

Conway.

1637. *Joſeph Fletcher.*

To the memorie of the pious & worthily deſerving MR. JOSEPH FLETCHER, late Rector of this Church. He departed this life the 28th of September, 1637, Aged 60 yeres.

Rectores bini ſimul ſine pneumate vivunt
Qui dum ſpirarunt VERUS uterq; fuit
Nomine VERUS erat prior, alter nomine FLETCHER
Re verus verum quem Via Vera docet.

Two Parſons here under one ſtone are lay'd,
Who whiles they liv'd were both true parſons ſay'd:
The firſt was True by name, Fletcher indeed,
Who left for all the *True-Way* booke to read;
Who doth, tho' dead, to all the true way tread,
Whoſe booke the True-Way ſtill the truth doth ſpread.

Wilby, Suffolk.

1637. *Charles & Grace Cutcliffe.*

τὰ πάντα καὶ ἐν πᾶσι Χριστός

In memoria beata { CAROLI et GRATIÆ } CVTCLIFFE

Annagrammata in nomina eorum.

CAROLVS CVTCLIFFE / Cruci flectas fluo } Thou mayſt bend to thy croſſe I paſſe away . . .

GRATIA CVTCLIFFE / Affligit ac curet } He doth afflict, and he can cure.

C hriſtian you may him inſet: G race doth become hir all ſo fi T
H ere unto death y^t trod ye track, R ight deare whoſe loue to none was ſla C
A tender huſband I him call; A louing wife was ſhe witha L
R egarding for to doe juſtly Compaſſion could not den I
L acked, and bewail'd w^t greife, E uen when y^t death did berea F
E lder age & ſoe weaker youth C ould hardly nearer be cut o F
S ure fortnight's day in wch died he V nto the earth returned ſh E

HE DYED
OCTOBER 25
1637
ÆTAT 60.

SHE BVRIE^D
NOVEM 8
1637
ÆTAT 33.

CHARLES ſounds of FORTITVDE yet courteous he;
Vnto all ſorts ſeem'd rather ſtill to bee
Her name and diſpoſition ioind in one:
Though name behind yet GRACE wth her is gone.
Theiſe two ſo liud and loud togeather,
That death it ſelfe could not them ſeuer,
One bed, one board, gaue them content:
And now one graue with free conſent
Whoſe BODYES here interred were,
There SOVLES (we hope) celeſtiall are
Who ſtil were friends unto the beſt
And that with ſuch they now do reſt.

VIVERE TV MORIENS MVNDANVS DISCAS AB ILLIS
VT VIVAS CÆLIS QVOD SINE FINE, CVPIS.

Ilfracombe, Devon.

1637. *Gilbert Staplehill, once Mayor of Dartmouth.*

BEHOLD THYSELFE BY MEE
I WAS AS THOV ART NOW
AND THOV IN TYME SHALT BEE
EVEN DVST AS I AM NOW
SO DOTH THIS FIGVRE PAYNT TO THEE
THE FORME AND STATE OF EACH DEGREE.

S. Saviour's, Dartmouth, Devon.

1637. *Elizabeth Eyre, wife of Thos. Eyre, Gent, & daughter of John Yerbury, Gent.*

Here lyes an Heire who to an Heire was ioyn'd,
And dying lefte a little Heire behind.
Hard hearted Death herein was ſomewhat mild,
He tooke ye mother bvt he ſpar'd ye Child.
Yett th'one's more happy farre than is the other,
The Child's an Heire on earth, in Heaven ye Mother,
Where with tryumphant Saints & Angels bright,
She now enioies her bleſſed Saviour's ſight.

Bromham, Wilts.

1638. *George Southcote, Thomas & Mary Southcote; & Mary Colman their daughter.*

Here in one bed of earth aſleep doe lye
Three generations, for they did not dye,
Nor looſe a being, but exchanged, and muſt
At the trump's ſound awake out of this duſt.
Here's but their corps, in heaven their ſoules do dwell,
Live heere, ſo to live there with them; farewell.

Calverleigh, Devon.

1638. *Denys Rolle.*

The Remaines of
DENYS ROLLE
Eſquire.

His earthly part within this tombe doth reſt,
Who kept a Court of Honour in his breaſt;
Birth, Beautie, Witt & Wiſdom ſate as Peeres,
Till Deathe miſtooke his vertues for his yeares;
Or elſe Heaven envy'd Death ſo rich a treaſure,
Wherein too fine the Ware, too ſcant the meaſure.
His mournful Wife her loue to ſhew in part,
This Tombe built here; a better in her heart:
Sweete Babe, his hopefull Heyre (heaven grante this Boon)
Liue but ſo well; but oh! dye not ſo ſoon.

Obijt { Dnī. 1638.
Aetatis 24.

Reliquit Fili { um unum.
as quinque.

Bicton, Devon.

1638. *Thomas Brook, of Newhouſe, Gentleman.*

In the Church
Mylitant I fout
ſo unſhaken:
that to the
Church tryump
hant I am taken.
I am one o'th'
Church ſtill.
Greeve not frends
to know me ad
vanced higher:
Whilſt I ſtayed
I prayed, & now
I ſing in ye quier.
Aet. ſuae 87.

Huddersfield, Yorkſh.

1639. *William Maſon.*

WILLIAM, ſone of ARTHUR MASON
of CORNWOOD, a hopefull Miniſter
of the Word, in his iourney
from Exon was here with
much loue & greiſe interd, May 25
Anō Dnī: 1639. then aged 28.

MASON, how is't that thou ſo ſoon art gone
Home from thy worke? what, was the fault i'th'ſtone,
Or did thy hammer fayl, or didſt ſuſpect
Thy Maſter's wages would thy worke neglect?
Chriſt was thy CORNER-STONE, Chriſtians the reſt;
Hammer the Word, GOOD LIFE thy Line all bleſt.
And yet art gone, 'twas honour not thy crime
With ſtone hearts to work much in little time:
Thy Maſter ſaw't, and tooke thee off from them
To the bright ſtones of NEW IERUSALEM:
Thy worke & labour men eſteem a baſe one,
God counts it bleſt. Here lies a bleſt FREE MASON.

Abbot's Kerſwell, Devon.

1639. *John Moor.*

Mors mihi lucrum.

John Moor, of Moorhayes in the County of Devon, Eſqr. aged 58 years, was buried here April 6th 1639, having by Mary his Wife, the daughter of Richard Coffyn of Portledge in the County of Devon, Eſqr. 6 ſonnes & 10 daughters.

He that from home, for loue
Was hither brought,
Is now brought home; thus God
For him hath wrought.

S. Mary's, Tenby.

1639. *Robert Burton, author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy."*

PAVCIS NOTVS, PAVCIORIBVS IGNOTVS
HIC JACET DEMOCRITVS JVNIOR
CVI VITAM PARITER ET MORTEM
DEDIT MELANCHOLIA.

Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford.

c. 1640. *Sir William Sutton.*

Sir William Sutton corps here toombed ſleepes,
Whoſe happy ſoule in better manſions keepes :
Theiſe nine yeares liued he with his lady faire
A louely, noble, & lyke vertuous payre.
Their generous offspring (parents ioie of hearte)
Eight of each ſex : of each an equal part,
Uſher'd to Heaven their Father, the other
Remain'd behind him to attend their mother.

Averham, Notts.

c. 1640. *The Wife & Daughter of Dr. Engliſh, Vicar.*

Deare ſoules & bleſt ! you both delivered be,
Hauing exchanged yovr priſons before me :
Whilſt I ſuruiue to liue & find it true
That I grieve for myſelf more than for you.
Nor can teares qvench my zeale, like fvneral fire
That flames for her I loued till I expire.

Sis mevs, O Jeſu ! Sis Jeſus, Chriſte, tuorum !
Sweet Saviour of Mankind
The Saviour be of mee & mine !

Sic { ſpirans orauit
expirans exorauit
reſpiciens perorabit.

Joh : Engliſh S { acri
anctae
empiternae V { erbi
eritatis ſtudioſus.
itae

Cheltenham, Glouc.

1640. *John Cheſter, aged* 3 *years.*

Griev'd at the world and crimes, this early bloome
Look'd round, and ſigh'd, and ſtole into his tombe,
His fall was like his birth, too quick this roſe
Made haſte to ſpread, and the ſame haſte to cloſe.
Here lies his duſt, but his beſt tomb's fled hence,
For marble cannot laſt like innocence.

Chicheley, Oxon.

1641. *Dame Dorothy Selby.*

D. D. D. To the pretious name & honor of Dame Dorothy Selby, the Relict of *Sir William Selby* K^t^. the onely daughter & heire of *Charles Benham Eſqr.*

She was a Dorcas
Whoſe curious needle wound the abuſed ſtage
Of this leud world into the golden age,
Whoſe pen of ſteel & ſilken inck enroll'd
The actes of *Jonah* in records of gold.
Whoſe arte diſcloſ'd that plot, which, had it taken,
Rome had triumph'd, & Britain's walls been ſhaken.
She was
In heart a *Lydia*, & in tongue a *Hannah*,
In zeale a *Ruth*, in wedlock a *Suſanna.*
Prudently ſimple, providently wary,
To the world a *Martha*, & to Heaven a *Mary.*

Who put on immortalitie	in the yeare of her	Pilgrimage, 69. Redeemer, 1641.

Ightham, Kent.

[*This lady is traditionally ſaid to have written the letter which led to the diſcovery of the "Gunpowder Plot." Specimens of her needlework are, or were, to be ſeen ſuſpended over her tomb.*]

1641. *James Rivers.*

Within this hollow vault there reſts the frame
Of the high Soule which once informed the ſame:
Torn from the ſervice of the State in's prime
By a diſeaſe malignant as the time:
Whoſe life and death deſigned no other end
Than to ſerve God, his Country, and his Friend:
Who, when Ambition, Tyranny, and Pride
Conquered the Age, conquered himſelf, and dyed.

Gt. S. Bartholomew's.

1641. *Elizabeth Furlong.*

ICY . AVSSI . ET . METTRE . LE . CORPS
DE . ELIZABETH . FVRLONG . LA
FILLE . DE . THOMAS . TAWLEY . DE
DITTISHAM . GEN . ET . FAME . DE
FRANCOIS . FVRLONG . LE . FILZ
DE . FRANCOIS . FVRLONG . DE
LOD DDESWILL . GEN . QVI A
ESTE . ENSEVELY . LE 15ME
IOVRE . DE . NOVEMBRE
1641.

Stoke-in-Teignhead, Devon.

[*On a heart-ſhaped braſs plate adorned with ſkulls, hour glaſſes, and croſs bones.*]

1641. *Mary Whiddon.*

Reader, would'ſt know who here is laid?
Behold a Matron yet a Maid:
A modeſt look, a pious heart,
A *Mary* for the better part:
But drie thine eies, why wilt thou weep?
Such damſels doe not dye but ſleep.

Chagford, Devon.

1641. *Jeremiah Horrox.*

VENUS IN SOLE VISA. Nov. 24, 1639.
In Memory of
Jeremiah Horrox, One of the Greateſt
Aſtronomers This Kingdom Ever Produced;
Born in Toxteth Park in 1619;
Died in 1641, Aged 22.

His obſervations were made at Hoole,
Eight Miles from Preſton, where he
Predicted, and was the Firſt Perſon
Who Saw the Tranſit of Venus
Over the Sun.

S. Michael's in the Hamlet, Liverpool.

1643. *Thomas Turar, "twice Maſter of the Company of Bakers, and twice Churchwarden of this Pariſh."*

Like to a Baker's Oven is the grave
Wherein the bodyes of the faithful have
A Setting in, and where they do remain
In hopes to Riſe, and to be Drawn again;
Bleſſed are they who in the *LORD* are dead,
Though Set like Dough, they ſhall be Drawn like Bread.

All Saints (?) Briſtol.

1643. *Dr. Ward. "Aetatis ſuae* 125."

Here lyes Dr. Ward whom you knew well before,
He was kind to his neighbours, good to the poor.

1	2	3	4	5	6
To God,	to Prince,	Wife,	Kindred,	Friend,	the Poor,
1	2	3	4	5	6
Religious,	Loyal,	True,	Kind,	Stedfaſt,	Dear,
1	2	3	4	5	6
In Zeal,	Faith,	Love,	Blood,	Amity,	and Store.

He hath ſoe liv'd, and ſoe deceaſ'd lyes here.

Soham, Camb.

1643. *John Chiſhull.*

His bodye is entombed within this graue,
A ſight of which his ſoule ſhall never haue:
For fayth and works againſt his funerall,
Haue got him place in ioyes celeſtiall.

Dunton, Beds.

1643. *Richard Beaple, Merchant, thrice Mayor of Barnſtaple.*

Weret not more wiſely done if with conſent
We joind to batter downe this monument.
Leſt when the ſorrowing poore lift up their eyes
They drowne the voyce o' th' ſermon with their cryes:
Let that bee others doome ſuch as can give
With liberal ſpirit, but onely whiles they live.
As for this ſenator, his nobler minde
Within one age did ſcorn to bee confind:
For which to future ages he convayed
So rich a portion duly to be payed,
That thenceforth, tears being baniſht, it might bring
To the orphans joy & make poore widowes ſing.
Let thoſe who'de have their monuments to ſtand
Take fair example from this bounteous hand.

Barnſtaple, Devon.

1645. *Shilſton Calmady, Knight.*

This Toomb's ſublimed to a ſhrine, and doth containe
An holier Saint than could all legends faine,
Whoſe virtues ſuperſede our ſpice & baulme,
Whoſe name perfumes ye breath y^t^ ſounds the ſame.
As when a fly's involved in amber, 'twere
Leſs gaine than pride ſuch ſepulchre,
So life's not worth ſuch honor as to have
Fame write his epitaph, hearts afford his grave.

Membury, Devon.

1645. *Anna Aſh.*

Dominus { Dedit / Abſtulit.

Anna Filia Richardi Aſh, Ætatis Suæ Tertio
Obiit Viceſimo Quarto Die Maii
1645.[1]

An / This } *Aſh* { in Maie / was then } cut downe { Sprouts y^e ſame daie. / Yet lives for aie.

On a flat ſtone beneath,

Rak'd up in / In hope that } Aſhes { here dothe / ſhall be } *Aſh* { remaine, / againe.
Aſhes to / Which } *Aſh* { returne ſhall, and ariſe; / in Aſhes here expecting, lies.

S. Michael, Briſtol (now deſtroyed ?)

[1] *Here the figure of an Aſh tree cut off in the middle.*

1645. *Elinor, Lady Vincent.*

On the noble and
truly vertuous Ladie
Elynor, daugh^r & COHEIRE of
Robert Mallet of Woodleigh, in the
County of Devon, Eſq^re wife firſt to
Sr Arthur Acland of Acland K^nt. and
afterwards to Sr Francis Vincent of
Stoke Daubernon in ye County of Surrie
K^nt and Baron^t; who exchanged this life
for a better Aug: ye 10th
The year of { our Lord 1645 / Her age 72

Madam, to ſay you'r dead were but to tell
a lie, or make the Poet Infidell.
You in your vertue live Immortall that
free fro ye dart of death, or ſtroke of fate:
You in your children live, yor Progenie,
and thro' a kind of Immortalitie,

Yo^{r} body doth but ſleep, yor grave's a bed,
yor ſtone a Pillowe, whereo to lye yor head ;
Till vertue, Children, body, ſoule, anon
Shall all meet in the Reſurrection.

Landkey, Devon.

1646. *Annis Bailey.*

ANNIS ye wife of JNO. BAILEY ye Elder
ob : Nov : 21 : 1646.

This ſtony Regiſter is for her Bones
Her fame is more perpet'al y^{n} y^{e} ſtones :
And ſtill her goodnes, tho' herſelf be gone,
Shall live when earth thy monuments are gone.
Who reading this can chuſe but drop a tear
For ſuch a loving Wife & Mother dear.

Holt, Wilts.

1646. *Maurice Greſham.*

So good kind courteous huſband ffat
her friend that Earth and
Heaven about him did contend
Earth was deſirous here to have
him reſt Heaven was ambitious
there to have him bleſt to pleaſe
them both himſelf he thus divides
on Earth his corps in Heaven his
ſoule reſides.

S. Mary's, Geddington, Northants.

1647. *William Whateley.*

To ye memory of Mr. William Whateley, late Alderman & once Major of this Burrough. Dyed Jan: 24. 1647.

He was like Enock in his walke,
In zeale like Phineas more than talke;
Job-like a perfect upright man,
In mercy ye Samaritan.
A foe to error and falſe waies
A ſtrict obſerver of God's daies.
Caſt up ye account, & when you've done
Say, we have loſt many in one.

Banbury, Oxon.

1647. *Edward Lambe.*

Edward	EDWARD LAMBE	Lambe
Ever	ſecond ſon of	Lived
Envied	Thomas Lambe	Laudably
Evill	of *Trimley*	Lord
Endured	Eſquire.	Lett
Extremities	All his dayes	Like
Even	he lived a Batchelor	Life
Earneſtly	well learned in Deveyne	Learne
Expecting	and Common Lawes	Ledede
Eternal	With his councell he	Livers
Eaſe	helped many, yett took	Lament
	fees ſcarſe of any.	

He dyed the 19th of November 1647.

Eaſt Bergholt, Suffolk.

1648. *William Paget.*

Silence (Dear *Shade*) will beſt thy *Grave* become
And Griefe that is not only *Deepe* but Dumbe;
For who'll believe our *Vocal* Teares, that ſee
The very *Tongues* themſelves here dead in *Thee.*

Twelve welſpun luſtres ſent thee ſpeecheleſs hence
Twice child in *Age*, always in *Innocence.*
To ſmooth thy entrance where true bliſſe doth raigne
NATVRE & GRACE would haue thee BORNE AGAINE.

Tawſtock, Devon.

c. 1648. *Katherine Randall.*

K ind reader judge, here's underlaid
A hopeful, young, and virtuous maid,
T hrown from the top of earthly pleaſure
H eadlong, by which ſhe gain'd a treaſure
E nvironed with heaven's power,
R ounded with angels for that hour
I n which ſhe fell: God took her home
N ot by juſt law, but martyrdom.
E ach groan ſhe fetch'd upon her bed
R oared out aloud I'm murdered.
A nd ſhall this blood, which here doth lie,
'N vain for right and vengeance cry?
D o men not think, tho' gone from hence,
A venge God can't his innocence?
L et bad men think, ſo learn ye good
L ive each that's here doth cry for blood.

Stokenham, Devon.

[*She was killed in an attack on the place during the Civil Wars.*]

1648. *Thomas Cotes.*

Honeſt old Thomas Cotes, that ſometime was
Porter at Aſcott hall, hath now (alas)
Left his key, lodg, fyre, friends, & all, to have
A roome in Heaven. This is that good man's grave.
Reader, prepare for thine, for none can tell
Bvt that yov two may meete to night. Farewell.

He dyed the 20th of November 1648 | Set vp at the apoyntment and charges of his friend Geo: Houghton.

Wing, Bucks.

1648. *Mary Weſtcott.*

Dedicated
To the pretious memorie of
MARY the deare & onely daughter of
GEORGE WESTCOTT Paſtor of this
Church, and of FRANCES his wife, who
leauing this vale of miſerie for a manſion
in felicitie, was heer interred, Ianuar: 31
Anno Domini 1648, ætat:
ſuæ 7°.

This Mary-gold lo heer doth ſhew
MARIE worth gold lies neer below
Cut down by death the fair'ſt gilt flowr
Flouriſh and fade doth in an howr
The Marygold in ſunſhine ſpread
(When cloudie) cloſ'd doth bow the head
This orient plant retains the guiſe
With ſplendent Sol to ſett and riſe
Euen ſo this Virgin MARIE Roſe
In life ſoon nipt in death freſh growes
With Chriſt her light ſhee ſet in paine
By Chriſt her Lord ſhall riſe againe
When ſhee ſhall ſhine more brightly farre
Then any twinkling radiant ſtarre
For bee aſſur'd that by death's dart
MARY enjoyes the better part.

Anag. { Maria Weſtcott / Mors evicta tuta } G. W. / F. W. } P. P.

Berry Narbor, Devon.

1649. *Thomas & George Cruſe.*

Within this ſpace two brothers heer confined,
Though by death parted, yet by death cloſe joined;
The eldeſt of the two; plac'd in his tomb,
Greeted the younger with a welcome home.
They liv'd, they lov'd, & now reſt in tomb,
Together ſleeping in their mother's womb.

Aſhburton, Devon.

1649. *Richard Ferris, Merchant, twice Mayor of Barum.*

Reader, if thou wouldſt know this gemme that lyes
Caſ'd in this marble, firſt aſk the poores eyes
Who that they may preſerve their deere loſſe ſafe
Write in their laſting tears his epitaph.
Then reade the Schole by him endowed t'advance
Arts 'bove our monſter teeming ignorance.
If next you'd learne the prudence of the Gowne
And how he held the ſcales, aſk the whole towne.
But laſtly, view this place, which though it is
God's houſe by right, his zeal yet made it his.
Here would he live—here he full oft hath been
To ſpeake to *God* & hear *God* ſpeake to him.
So that to write his epitaph muſt be
To picture Juſtice, Arts, Faith, Charity.
Let marble quarries then elſewhere be ſpent
Not ſtones but deeds build up this monument.
Reader, this toomb ſpeakes not unto thy eyes
But to thy hands—go thou & do likewiſe.

Barnſtaple, Devon.

1649. *Susanna Hall.*

HEERE LYETH YE BODY OF SVSANNA WIFE TO JOHN HALL, GENT; YE DAVCHTER OF MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, GENT: SHEE DECEASED YE 11TH OF JVLY, A° 1649, AGED 66.

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to Salvation was good Mistriss Hall;
Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this
Wholly of him with whom she's now in blisse.
Then, Passenger, ha'st nere a teare
To weepe with her that wept with all;
That wept, but set herself to chere
Them up, with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou ha'st ne're a teare to shed.

Stratford-on-Avon.

[*It may be noted that the name Shakspeare which occurs twice on this gravestone is spelt differently.*]

1650. *Susanna Tesdale.*

Here lieth the body of Mrs SUSANNA TESDALE the wife of CHRISTOPHER TESDALE, Rector of this Church whoe died the 17th of JVLY and was buried the 19. 1650.

Susanna signifieth a lillie or a Rose.

The lillie of ye ballies by his spirit,
His pure spirit, made me a lillie whit.
The Rose of SHARON by his Blood's merit
My soule advanced to a Rose's hight.
SUSANNA a lillie and a Rose tho' pale,
How like a whit lillie shee fading lyes,
By vertue of the roote of DAVID shall
With orient colours like a red ROSE rise.

Everleigh, Wilts.

1650. *Henry Parſons.*

1650.

HIC . JACET . HENRICVS . ROBERTI
PARSONII . FILIUS . QVI . EXIIT . ANNO
ÆTATIS . SVÆ . CLIMACTERICO
ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΠΡΩΤΩ

Sidbury, Devon.

1650. *Nathaniel Hellierd, Rector.*

Heere gather'd to his Father lies
An object of our obſequies;
Whoo died deſir'd, and liu'd beelou'd,
To moſt well known, by th' bell approu'd.
His name preſent may well preuent
A larger line on's monument.
Per me Robertm. filium.

Road, Somerſet.

1650. *Abraham Edwards.*

Here is inte
rred the bodye
of Abraham
Edwards, gent
who was in
humed April th
e 26. Anno Dom
Chr. 1650.

Dunction, Suſſex.

[*This was a common form during the Great Rebellion.*]

1650. *William Staples.*

Quod cum coelicolis habitas, pars altera noſtra,
Non dolet, hic tantum me ſupereſſe dolet.
Hoc poſuit moeſtiſſima vxor SARA.

S. Giles', Cripplegate.

1651. *George & Suſan Laurence.*

GEORGIUS LAURENTIUS .
EGO . VTI . LAVRVS . RIGENS .
I . VNDER . LY . AS . LAUREL . DRY .
VIXIT . OCTOB: 14. 1650. DEVIXIT. SEP: 29. 1651.

SUSANA LAURENCE .
VAS . CARNE . VALENS .
A . FLESH . PREVAILING . VESSEL . FOUND .
BEAVTIFI'D . TO . LYE . VNDER . GROVND .
VIXIT . DEC: 13 . 1647 .
REVIXIT . JAN: 18 . 1650.

S. Croſs, Hants.

1651. *Richard Coffin of Portledge, & Elizabeth his Wife.*

All heer portray'd ſhews one joyn'd Coffin: ſent
Through heavens canopy and to earth here lent
Perfum'd with virtues and bedew'd with grace
T'adorne them with a progeny for a ſpace
One man took life from dead Eliſha's bones
Eight martiall ſonns liv'd from this Coffin's loynes
With daughters ſeven y^t from this vine did ſprout
Like olive plants their table round about
Thrice happy fruitful Coffin, may thy buds ſpring
And to eternity halleluiahs ſing.

Alwington, Devon.

1651. *Sarah Colemore.*

HERE LYETH SARAH ELDEST DAVGHTER VNTO SIR GEORGE SOUTHCOTT KNT THE LADY SARAH HIS SECOND WIFE & THE CHIEFE EARTHLY COMFORT OF HER HVSBAND JOHN COLEMORE SONN VNTO THOMAS COLEMORE GENTLEMAN LATE OF LYSCOTT WHO DECEASED THE 28 DAYE OF FEBRUARY 1651.

THY ASHES HERE: BVT IN MY MIND
THY LOVE & WORTH I HAVE ENSHRIN'D
SLEEPE DVST THEN TILL THY SOVLE IN STATE
DESCEND TO FETCH HENCE ITS OLD MATE
WHEN CLOATH'D WITH GLORY BOTH SHALL SHINE
FOR EVER CHRIST'S WHICH ONCE WERE MINE.

Heanton-Punchardon, Devon.

1651. *William Gaye.*

Since epitaphs have given ſpeach to ſtones,
Their Rhetoric extorted ſigh's tear's groan's:
Some teach Divinitye: but this commends:
Drys tears, ſtops ſighs, and ſtrangleth groans of Frends:
Oxford's Academie ſoe priz'd his parts:
That it did crowne him Lawreate of Arts:
In countrye he read men, in Court ye laws,
Lived both with ſweet contentment and applauſe:
Expir'd by degrees: yet our comfort's this
That death his convoy was from paine to bliſſe:
Sith Temperance, Prudence, Candor, Pietye,
Tranſports from Grace unto Felicitie.

Monkleigh, Devon.

1651. *Robert Freeman.*

Here (Reader) reade thine own eſtate :
Though young, wiſe, pious, ſuch thy fate
Muſt ſhortly be ;
For ſuch was he.
Serve thou thy God, as he hath donne
This ſervice makes a ſervant ſonne
Heaven's freeman be :
For ſuch was he.

Buſhley, Worc.

1652. *Daniel Evance.*

Bleſt is the juſt man's memorie
Both here & in Eternitie
Being dead he yet ſpeaketh.
Heb. XX. iij.
In memory of the Reverend Religious and learned Preacher
DANIEL EVANCE
Who was born at London. March 2. 1613.
And dyed at Calbourne. Dec. 27. 1652.
This monument was erected by HANNAH his mournful relict.

DANIEL EVANCE—Anagram—"I can deal even."

Who is ſufficient for this thinge
Wiſely to harpe on every ſtring
Rightly divide the word of truth
To babes & men, to age & youth ?
One of a thouſand—where's he found,
Soe learned, pious, & profound ?
Earth has but few—there is in heaven
One who anſwers—"I can deal even."

Calbourne, I. of Wight.

1652. *Lucy, Lady Reynell.*

For The reLIgoVs LADY LUCy onLy Wife of y^t^ Wife sIr rIch ReyneL KnIght Who Left Earth on ye ResVreCtion Day, Ap. 18th 1652.

L oe Here ſate Majeſty With Meekneſs Crownd,
V ailed Vnder Reverence was Courtſhip Found
C ompoſed Were All ſuch Graces in Her Mind,
Y ee knew in Morraliſt er Chriſtian ſhind.
R efuge of Strangers, Prophets jointureſs,
E aſy Chirvrgeon, Poore men's Treaſureſs,
Y outh's Awe and Age's Honor; To God when
(N ot Thus to Man) Imployd in Prayers and Penn
E ate Through This Marble, if Time ſhall ſhe hath
L eft Vpon Living Stones her Epitaph.

Ætatis ſuæ 74.

Woolborough, Devon.

1652. *Roſe Dart.*

Here
Lyeth the infant
Daughter of Charels
Dart Gent: and of Roſe
His Wife, who departed
Hence ye 26 of Aprill Ano Dni
1652.

A Roſe's ſpringing branch no ſooner bloom'd
By Death's impartial dart lyes here entomb'd
Tho' wither'd be the bud, the ſtock relyes
On CHRIST both ſure by fayth and hope to riſe.

Biſhop's Tawton, Devon.

1653. *Nicholas Martyn, Knt.*

Surpaſſing the philoſopher's, this ſtone
Shall turn to pearles the teares are dropt thereon,
Since to praiſe worth praiſeworthy doth appeare,
This ſhrine makes ſaints of them wch offer here,
Their ſpice and balme for too perfume his name
Which rather more perfumed are by the ſame.

Kenton, Devon.

[*Sir N. Martyn married the dau. of Sir Shilſton Calmady* (*p.* 95.) *There is a curious reſemblance in ſtyle of the two epitaphs.*]

1654. *George Southcott.* "*Being in ye 15 yeare of his age.*"

Under this Tumbſtone know there lies
A dainty youth of richeſt price,
Sone cropt by death while under age
Through feaver's violence & rage.
Earth keeps his body in reſtraint,
But Heaven owns him for a ſaint.

Quiſquis (adhuc vivus) monumentum
Hoc tueris abito, Reſpice Te,
Moriens vive, memento mori.

Calverleigh, Devon.

1654. *Hamon de Strange.*

Hamo, extraneus, miles, obijt 31 Maij. 1654.
ætat: ſuæ 71.
In terris peregrinvs eram, nvnc incola coeli.

In Heaven at home, a bleſſed change:
Who while I was on earth was Strange.

Hunſtanton, Norfolk.

1654. *Richard Ruſſell, Miniſter of the Pariſh.*

Looke on this liuing ſaint this matchleſs ſvmm
Soe comprehenſive a compendivm;
A learned ſcholler painfvl labovrer
A faithfull ſhepherd trve embaſſadovr
An vntired watchman & A ſhining ſaint
A bvrning taper, beavty withovt paint.
Bright gem hath left its caſkett to be ſett
By God into a nobler coronett.
Ripe grace now ends in glory, ſoe is he
Sovnding trivmphs with the hierarchy.

S. Ervan, Cornwall.

1654. *The Wife of Dr. H. Wilkinſon.*

Here lie mother and babe both without ſins,
Next birth will make her and her infant twins.

Great Milton, Oxon.

[*The entire epitaph is far too lengthy for inſertion.*]

1655. *Hugh Grove.*

HIC JACET HUGO GROVE DE ENFORD
IN COMITATU WILTS, ARMIGER.
IN RESTITUENDO ECCLESIAM,
IN ASSERENDO REGEM,
IN PROPUGNANDO LEGEM,
ET LIBERTATEM ANGLICANAM,
CAPTUS ET DECOLLATUS.
16 MAY 1655.

S. Sidwell's, Exeter.

1655. *Elizabeth Prince.*

In memoriam *Elizabethæ* filiæ *Johannis Gough* e comitatu Somerſettenſis Armigeri Conjugis *Leonardi Prince* hujus Eccleſiæ Paſtoris quæ obiit 25° 7bris Anō Domini 1655. ætatis ſuæ 37.

Qualis erat quæras? *Κίρνον* cognoſcito *Lector*
Μορφήν uix capiant, marmora, talis erat
E meliore luto Deus hanc Naturaque finxit,
Quippe Dei Veri uera et amantis amans:
Corpore ſic fuerat, ſic mente ſic undique pulchra,
Effulgens donis (ut puto) nemo magis.
Corpus, terra tegit, Cœli mens ſede quieſcit,
Quod tibj munvs erat, Væ mihi funus erit.
Quæ ſcribo nil ſunt luctum teſtantia; non eſt
Eſt quoniam dici non licet angit erat.

Parce mihi *Lector*, carnemque redargue inultum,
Cura leuis loquitur quæ grauis illa ſtupet. L. P.

Nomen { El chari
Anag: { pnati bees.

Ilfracombe, Devon.

1655. *Mary Courtney.*

Near this a rare jewell's ſet
Cloſ'd up in a cabinet
Let no ſacrilegious hand
Breake through—'tis ye ſtrickte comaund
Of the jeweller: who hath ſayd
(And 'tis fit he be obey'd)
I'll require it ſafe and ſound
Both above and under ground.

Fowey, Cornwall.

1656. *Thomas & Anne Carew.*

HERE LIETH THE BODIES OF THOMAS
CAREW ESQVIER AND ANNE HIS
WIFE WHO DESESED THE 6th AND 8th
DAY OF DECEMBER AN° DOMANI 1656

Two bodies ly beneath this ſtone
Whom love and marriage long made one
One ſovle conioynd them by a force
Above the power of death's divorce
One flame of love their lives did bvrne
Even to aſhes in their vrne
They dy bvt not depart who meet
In wedding & in winding ſheet
Whom God hath knit ſo firme in one
Admit no ſeparation
Therefore vnto one marble trvſt
Wee leave their now vnited dvſt
As rootes in earth embrace to riſe
Moſt lovely flowers in paradiſe.

Haccombe, Devon.

1656. *Mrs. Amy Tooker.*

'Tis not Her Plenteous iſſue, nor this Pile
Her hvſbande's loue erected can beguile
Time's 'ſtroying hand ; for ſvch memorialls mvſt
Themſelues ly downe, wrapt in Obliujon's Dvſt.
No, ſhee Preſeru'd Her Name, & way more Svre
By Faith, Loue, Patience, & meek Life & Pvre
Theſe, theſe are Spices ſhall embawlme Her Name
And make it Fragrant when ye World's & flame.

Barnſtaple, Devon.

1656. *Richard Richards.*

To the memory of Ric: Richards who by Gangrene loſt firſt a Toe, afterwards a Leg, & laſtly his Life on the 7th day of Aprill, 1656.

Ah! cruell Death, to make three meales of one,
To taſte and taſte till all was gone.
But know, thou Tyrant, when the trvmpe ſhall call,
He'll find his feet, & ſtand when thou ſhalt fall.

Banbury, Oxon.

1657. *Edward Penell.*

Here reſts his earthy part whoſe ſoule above
Views her bright Maker face to face, & proves
Pure ioyes which ſhall be full & perfect, when
Theſe broken organs ſhall be peec'd agen,
And reinformed. Reader, before thou paſſe,
Take his example, a clear looking-glaſſe
To dreſſe thy ſoule by: learne of him to bee
Good in bad times who mayſt live worſe to ſee.

Beati mortvi qvi in Domino moriuntvr.

Lindridge, Worc.

1658. *Thomas Ford.*

THOMÆ FORD DE SIDFORD, GEN., QUI

DEPOSITUM

DORMIO ET VT SPERO CINERES
SINE LABE RESVRGENT.

OBIIT DECIMO

NONO DIE NOVEMBRIS

Ilſington, Devon.

1658. *Anna & Dorothy Freeborn.*

Here lieth the bodys of Mrs. Anna & Mrs. Dorothy Freeborne Wives of Mr. Samuel Freeborne; whoe departed this life, one on ye 31ſt of July Anno 1641; The othar Auguſt ye 20 Anno 1658; One Aged 33 yeares; ye other 44.

Vnder this ſtone two precious iems doe ly,
Equall in weight, worth, luſtre, ſanctity:
Yet perhaps one of them doe excell;
Which waſ't who knows? aſk him y^t knew y^m well
By long enioyement. If he thus be preſt,
Hee'l pauſe, then anſwere: truly both were beſt:
Were't in my choice that either of ye twain
Might be returned to mee to enioie agayne,
Which ſhould I chuſe? Well, ſince I know not whether;
Ile mourne for th' loſſe of both, but wiſh for neither.
Yet here's my comfort, herein lyes my hope,
The tyme a comeinge cabinets ſhall ope
Which are lockt faſt: then ſhall I ſee
My Iewell's to my ioy, my Iewells mee.

Prittlewell, Eſſex.

1658. *On a Father & Son.*

The wine that in theſe earthen veſſels lay
The hand of Death has lately drawn away:
And as a preſent ſent it up on high,
Whilſt heer the Veſſels with the lees doe lie.

Branſcombe, Devon.

1658. *Roger Gardiner & Wife.*

Roger lyes here before his hour
Thus doth Gardiner loſe his flower.

Thundridge, Eſſex.

1658. *John Rosier, Attorney of ye Common Bench, Auntient of Lyon's Inn.*

Loe with a *Warrant* ſeal'd by God's Decree,
Death his grim *Serjeant* hath *arreſted* mee,
No *Bayle* was to be giuen, noe *Laue* could ſaue
My Body from ye Priſon of ye Graue:
Yet by ye Goſpell my poore ſoule had got
A *Superſedeas*, & Death ſeiz'd it not.
And for my downecaſt Bodye here it lies,
A Priſoner of Hope it ſhall ariſe.
Fayth doth aſſure mee, God of his great Loue
In CHRIST ſhall ſend a *Writ* for my *Remoue*,
And ſett my Bodye, as my Soule is, free
With CHRIST to dwell. Come glorious Liberty.

Swimbridge, Devon.

1658. *Nicolas Timperley.*

Lo Time = Pearle = Ey, a Rebus, which to thee
Speakes what I whilom Was, a *Timperley*.
Wing'd Time is flowne, So is ye World from me,
A glitt'ring Pearle, whoſe gloſſe is Vanitie.
But th' Ey of Hope is of a nobler flight,
To reach beyond thee (Death), enioye his ſight
Who conquer'd thee. Hence ſpring my hopes yt I
Shall riſe ye ſame, & more, a *Timperley*.

Depoſita eſt haec Spes mea in ſinu meo.
Iob. 19.

Nicolas Timperley, Sonne of Sir Thomas Timperley of Hintleſham in ye Countie of Suffolke, Knight, dyed Anno dni. 1658.

Colkirk, Norfolk.

1659. *Mary Maule & her only ſon child Charles.*

Reader, putt off thy ſhoes, thou tred'ſt on Holy earth,
Where lyes the rareſt Phoenix & her onely Birth
Whom ſhee ſuruiu'd, O ſtrange, vnheard of wonder,
Bvt (alas!) now dead, thoſe pavements bvried vnder.
Lament her loſſe, the world grows worſe; of her rare brood
There is none left, to breed the like: ſhee was ſo good,
Bleſt Saint! once mine Æquall; O might I now adore thee,
My Bliſſe, my Loue, that thou art gone before mee.
O let thy Cinders warm that Bed of Dvſt for mee,
(Thy movrnfvll hvſbande) till I come by thee.

Lvgens ſvdit G. M. ſvpradict: ſacr: Theolog: Baccalavr:

Vange, Eſſex.

1660. *John & Suſanna Baſſett.*

Monumentum clariſſimi Viri Johannis Baſſett de Heanton Court armig: qui deſideratus in Chriſto obdormivit Auguſti calend. anno Dni. 1660, ætatis ſuæ 30.

Si quidquam probitas valuiſſet gratia ſi quid
Ad vitam in vivis ille fuiſſet adhuc.

Had lyfe to grace and goodneſs here been tyed
Soe good ſoe gracious he had never dyed.

Huic etiam inſeritur cippo
Suſanna amœna prefati Johannis conſors antiqua Bluettorum (de Holcombe Rogus) proſapia oriunda quæ fatis ceſſit 22° die Aprilis, Ano Dni, 1662.

Et ſic
Nobile par unâ pariter requieſcit in urnâ
Uxores uxor, vir ſuperanſque viros.

Here ſleepes a noble payre who were in lyfe,
Hee beſt of huſbands, ſhee of wives the wife.

Heanton-Punchardon, Devon.

1660. *Chriſtopher Brownrigg.*

HERE LYETH
CHR: BROWNR
IG THE LAST
OF THAT NAME.
A. D. 1660.

Dalton in Furneſs, Lanc.

1660. *Catherine Parminter.*

. . . . . .
. . . Never was Innocence & Prudence
Soe louely, that had you known
her converſation, you would have
ſaid, ſhe was the daughter of Eve
before ſhe eated of the Apple.
She hath left her name

CATHERINE PARMINTER.
A. D. 1660.

Ilfracombe, Devon.

1661. *Henry Moſoke.*

JESUS. MARIA.
GOD SAVE THE KING.

My aunceſtors have been interred here 385 yeares
This by auntient evidence to mee appeares;
Which that all maye know & none doe offer wrong,
It is tenne ffotte broade & 4 yardes & a halfe longe.

Anno Domini 1661. HENRY MOSOKE, Ætatis ſuæ 14.
Ad Majorem Dei gloriam. Richard Moſoke Sculpſit.

Aughton, Staff.

1662. *Ludovicus Vicary.*

O Love, how ſtrong doſt thou tie knots,
That Death can't ſolve them with his plots.
Death with thy ſting th'haſt loſt thine art,
For man and wife thou canſt not part.
True love made us one heart to live or die,
Our bodyes reſt below, our ſoules on high.

Atherington, Devon.

1662. *Elizabeth Wood.*

ELIZA'S ſoule, a graffe divine,
With clay was faſtened into WOOD:
The tree did ſuddenlie decline,
The fruit was blaſted in the bud:
The clay which Death broke off lies here, the wife
Is now engrafted on the Tree of Life.
Reader, expect not long to hold thy breath,
For heart of oake thou ſeeſt cut off by death.

Eaſt Allington, Devon.

1662. *Biſhop Samuel Rutter.*

In hac domo quam A Vermiculis
Accepi Confratribus meis ſpe
Reſurrectionis ad Vitam
Jaceo Sam: Permiſſione divina
Epiſcopus Huius Inſulæ
Siſte Lector! Vide; ac Ride
Palatium Epiſcopi
Obijt: xxx° die Menſis Maij Anno 1662.

S. German's Cathedral, I. of Man.

1663. *Anne Allen.*

A pious, vertuous, blamelesse, spotlesse maid
By cruell Death was suddenly betraid
Of sweetest life. Alas! a barbarous crime,
To croppe a flower so sweete, so near the prime.
Cease brinish tears, forbeare your grievous moane,
A happy change 'tis, a Cœlestial Throne
Prepared is: what comfort doth this give
To pay a debte, to dye & yett to live.

Lowestoft, Suffolk.

1663. *Michael Hill.*

Strange that this stone should tell
Of Saint turned Angel Michael:
Stranger that soe high a Hill
Should sink soe low a vault to fill:
Strangest, when next we fleet,
If two and all we Hills should meet.

South Hill, Cornw.

1663. *Sir William Walrond.*

This lowe built chamber to each oculous eye,
Seems like a little chappell where I'se lye;
Here in this tumbe my flesh shall rest in hope,
Whene'er I dye this is my aim and scope.

Bradfield, Devon.

1664.

GEORGE } WALTON { 1663.
GEORGE } { 1664.

From the ſame Parents both derived one breath,
Both at the font received one name,
In the ſame grave united at one death,
In Parents, Name, & Grave, the ſame.
Heaven ſoone conducted us, an earthly paire
To that bleſſ'd heritage where each is heir:
Our bodies waite the ioyfull Reſurrection, when
Old time ſhall ceaſe to be,
And little infants we
Riſe in Chriſt Jeſus perfect men.

Little Burſted, Eſſex.

1665. *Anne Deney.*

Reader ſtay, & you ſhall heare
With your eye, who 'tis lyes here:
For when ſtones doe ſilence breake,
The voice is ſeene not heard to ſpeake.

Thurſton, Norfolk.

1665.

WILLIAM WHITE
GOD THAT SENT
HIM INTO THE WORLD
MAY THE 21ST 1651
SAID MAY THE 10TH
1665 RETVRNE THOV
SONNE OF SORIE
MAN PSAL. 90. 3.

Puſey, Berks.

1666.

At HAMILTON lie the heads of JOHN PARKER, JAMES HAMILTON, & CHRISTOPHER STRANG, who ſuffered at EDINBURGH, 7th December, 1666.

Stay Paſſenger, take notice
What thou reads
At Edinbro' lye our Bodies,
Here our Heids:
Our richt Honds ſtude at Lanark,
Theis we want,
Becauſe with them we ſware
The Covenant.

Hamilton, N. B.

1666.

Whate'er I did believe, whate'er I taught,
Whate'er HE did for me who mankind bought,
Whate'er I ſuffered in the good fight fought,
By Faith, by Word, in Deed, in Heart, in Thought,
Whate'er remains, now I am hither brought,
RESVRGAM of them all is the full draught:
Who preacheth aught that is not this is naught:
Reader, learne well but this one Truth from me—
Though I be dead, yet ſtill I preach to thee.

Beverley Minſter, Yorkſh.

1666. *Edward Penell.*

In ſoe little place doth lye
Vertue, goodneſs, loyalty:
He who in all relations ſtood
And baſeſt times, both true & good.
Tis for no common loſſe our teares are paid,
Here ye beſte huſband, father, friend is laid.
Uiuit poſt fvnera uirtvs.

Lindridge, Herts.

1667. *Mrs. Grace Giffard.*

The Graces formerly were counted three,
Now to the count a fourth may added bee,
The Virgin that of Graces had ſuch ſtore
As ſhe made good her name of Grace and more.
Her loving parents were to her ſoe deare,
They goeing hence ſhee'd ſtay no longer here,
But after hyes (bleſt ſoule) to heaven above,
To bee with them i' the family of love,
And by their bodyes here muſt ly to reſt
That with them ſhee may riſe together bleſt.

Chittlehampton, Devon.

1667. *Sarah Ruddle.*

The Huſband's Valediction.

Bleſt ſoule ſince thou art fled into the ſlumbers of the dead,
Why ſhould mine eyes
Let fall unfruitful tears, the offspring of deſpair and fears,
To interrupt thy obſequies.
No, no, I won't lament to ſee thy day of trouble ſpent;
But ſince thou art gone,
Farewell! ſleep, take thy reſt, upon a better huſband's breaſt,
Until the Reſurrection.

Launceſton, Cornwall.

1667. *Rev. John Williams.*

Svch pillars layde aſide
How can the Church abid.
Hee left his pvlpit hee
In Patmos God to ſee
This ſhining light can have
No place to preach bvts grave.

Colyton, Devon.

1667. *Gilbert Camfield.*

In this duſt lyeth the body of Gilbert ye elder twin of Benjamin & Martha Camfield.

Eager to live he grow ded firſt
Into this world by ſin accurſ'd
But being born he lived
Not ful 3 months he tryed
Likd not the place & dyed
October the 9th 1667.

Beſide the above is

Here reſteth the body of Benjamin the younger twin of Benjamin and Martha Camfield who dyed April xx 1669

Gone from his mother
To his brother
Lyes by his brother
In his mother.

Whitwell, Derb.

1669. *Thomas Merrett, Barber & Chirurgeon.*

T hough only ſtones ſalute the reader's eye
H ere in deep ſilence precious duſt doth lye
O bſcurely ſleeping in death's mighty ſtore
M ingled with common earth, till time's no more.
A gainſt Death's ſtubborn laws who does repine
S ince ſo much MERIT did his life reſign?

M urmurs & tears are uſeleſs in the grave
E lſe he whole Vollies at his Tomb might have.
R eſt here in Peace, who, like a faithful ſteward
R epaired the Church, the Poor & Needy cur'd.
E ternal manſions do attend the juſt,
T o clothe with Immortality their duſt—
T ainted, whilſt underground, with worms & ruſt.

Tewkeſbury, Worc.

1669.

Epitaph
On the lamented death of his honored friend
WILLIAM DRAX
Eſq. who exchanged this life for immortality Decem 17
1669 in the 63 yeare of his age.

To thy dear memory bleſt ſoule I paie
This humble tribuit though in ſuch a way
As reather doth proclaime my want of ſkill
Than any want of love of heart or will
True to thy truſt none in our memory
Can charge the more or leſs with treuchery
Bring forth the p'ſon, Rich, poore, old or younge
That can juſtly ſay he ever did them wrong
In others weal or woe thy heart
Would ſympathies and take its part
Oh what's more like the Deity
Than bleſſed hoary piety
A ſoule fitted for heaven when glorious Grace
Triumphs with him in his ſure reſting place
But is he dead Can I beleeve
That he ſhould die and we ſhould live
Methinks we may the knot untie
Better to live fitter to dye
Now death I ſee doth wiſely chuſe
The gold but doth the droſs refuſe
Weepe not as without hope cry not alas
Hees better where hee is than where he was
Hearke, is not that his voice doth he not ſay
Heaven's meaneſt manſion, is worth this globe of clay
Who ſo doth live and doe and die like thee
His fame ſhall laſt to all eternity.

S. Helen's, Biſhopſgate.

[*The writer of the above is quite unknown.*]

1669. *Thomas Cole.*

Reader you have within this grave
A COLE rakt up in duſt;
His courteous fate ſaw it was late,
And that to bed he muſt:
So all was ſwept up to be kept
Alive untill the day
The trump ſh^d^ blow it up, & ſhow
The COLE but ſleeping lay.
Then do not doubt the COLE'S not out,
Though it in aſhes lyes;
That little ſpark now in ye dark
Will like a Phoenix riſe.

Lillington, Dorſet.

1670. *Rev. Richard Richardſon, 25 years miniſter.*

Myſta, fidelis, amans, colui, docui, relevavi,
Numen, oves, inopes, pectore, voce, manu.
Laude orbem, ſplendore polum, cinereſque beatos,
Fama illuſtravit, mens colit, urna tenet.

Killyleagh, co. Down.

1670. *Thomas More.*

Stay here awhile, and his ſad fate deplore,
Here lyes the body of one *Thomas More;*
His Name was *More*, but now it may be ſaid
He is no more, becauſe that now he's dead,
And in this place doth lye ſepulchared.

Barking, Eſſex.

[*Somewhat ſimilar lines are ſaid to be, or to have been, at S. Benet's, Paul's Wharf.*

"Here lyes one *More*, & no more than he
One more, & no more—how can that be
One *More* & no more may well lye here alone;
But here lyes one more, & that is more than one."]

1670. *Richard Adlam.*

Ricardus Adlam hujus Eccleſiae Vicarius, obiit Feb: 10. 1670.

Apoſtrophe ad Mortem.

Damn'd tyrant! can't profaner blood ſuffice?
Muſt Prieſts that offer be the ſacrifice?
Go, tell the genii that in Hades lye,
Thy triumphs o'er this ſacred Calvary,
Till ſome juſt *Nemeſis* avenge our cauſe,
And force this kill-prieſt to revere good laws!

King's Teignton, Devon.

1671. *Katherine Gourd.*

Under this Tomb a Female Gourd doth lye
Was only born to have that name & dye
Shee from the womb unto the grave was sent
In a few daies: yet this no Puniſhment
But Happineſs that ſhee a Race hath run
To Eaſe: which ſome have ſcarce begun
And bee at once a riſeing and a ſetting ſun.
Set did I ſay, Noe, ſhe doth ſhine more clear
But in another orb, another ſpheer:
O happy thou, thrice happy thou
Who ne'er didſt know
What 'twas to make or to break thy vow
Nor thou into noe ſinne didſt never fall
But that wee mortals term originall
Which though it wound the ſoule the firſt was pure
Our Saviour's blood will prove His ſovereign cure
Sweet innocent thou in no ſeas waſt toſt
Nor in a wilderneſs an age was loſt
Till to the promiſed Canaan thou didſt come
All pious men's ye patriarchs & thy home.
O had I but my wiſh then I ſhould bee
Soone or at laſt ſweet Saint to be with thee.

Forrabury, Cornw.

1671. *Thomas & Rose Gorges.*

The lovinge turtell having mist her mate
Beg'd shee might enter ere they shut the gate
Their dust here lies whose soules to Heaven are gone
And waite till Angels rowle away the stone.

Heavitree, Devon.

1672. *William Finch.*

Siste Gradum
Peripatetice, & paulisper contemplare
Ornatissimi microcosmi heu! breves reliquias
Nunc in pulverem redacti olim
GULIELMI FINCH, Armigeri antiqua &
in Agro Cantii Familia oriundi
Naturae et Gratiae dotibus egregie nobilitate Ad Oris Corporisq venustatem accessit major Animae pulchritudo optimis virtutibus insignitae Quas in Christianae Religionis testimonium et decus luculenter usque exeruit.

Eximia in Deum. O. M. Pietate erga Sacros Pastores summa Reverentia Fidelitate in Principem, Justitia in Proximum Conjugali Paternaq Indulgentia Singulari in Familiares affectu integerrimo propensa in Omnes Benevolentia; Linguâ castus et candidus, manu supra fidem Liberalis; Nemini turpiter obloqui, aut obtrectare solitus omnibus benefacere, imprimis Egenis absq; praecinente buccina, Eleemosynis pariter ac Thesauris plenus, quo probe accumulatus in Terra plurimos prudens Mercator in Coelo recondidit, Vitam tandem commutandis aliquandiu mercibus prospere transactam 42 Ætatis annum emensus Jun 27. 1672. Meliori quaestu cum
Morte comutavit.
Relictis et bonae Spei Parvulis cum dilectissima et amantissima Uxore quae in perpetuam tam chari Capitis Memoriam Monumentum hoc constantissimi Amoris Pignus, extruendum

curavit, Ipſa interim moerore cum Illo conſepulta Abi iam attonitus Viator & mirare tam probum in tam pravo ſeculo Virum, aut vivere

potuiſſe, aut debuiſſe

MORI.

ESTHER FINCH, Foemina caſtiſſima, Viro morigera et curae domeſticae dulce levamen liberorum (quos ſeptem reliquit) mater provida, Sincera pietate, alacri erga tenuiores benignitate, liberalitate in omnes, morum denique ſanctitate cõſpicua. Viri (dum in vivis eſſet) decus ſimul et ſolamen, defuncti Vidua ſupra quam dici poteſt moeſtiſſima. Vixit annos 41. Menſes 5. Demptis diebus 11. Obiit maii die 4 Anno Salutis 1673.

S. Helen's, Biſhopſgate.

1673.

Received of PHILIP HARDING
his borrowed earth
July 4th 1673.

Crudwell, Wilts.

1674. *John Robinſon.*

Death parts the deareſt lovers for a while,
But makes them mourn who only uſed to ſmile:
But after death our unmixt loves ſhall tie
Eternall Knots betwixt my Love & I.

J. R.

I SARAH SMITH whom thou didſt love alone
For thy dear ſake have laid this marble ſtone.

Aldenham, Herts.

1679. *Cheſten Bewes, aged* 19.

Reader, this ſaint's duſt doth affect all eies
Which ſaw her to inceſſant obſequies ;
'Tis her duſt who was while ſhe trod this ſtage,
The beauty and the glory of her age.
Marryed ſcarce matched, on earth anon,
God took her and eſpouſed her to his ſonn.
Though both her parents live both widow'd be,
Shortened in time by her eternity.
Tears would diſſolve them did they not believe
With her to joy more then for her they grieve.

Launceſton, Cornwall.

1680. *Iſobel Campbell.*

Stones weep tho' eyes were dry :
Choiceſt flowers ſooneſt die :
Their ſun oft ſets at noon,
Whoſe fruit is ripe in June.
Then tears of joy be thine,
Since earth muſt ſoon reſign
To God what is divine.
Naſci eſt aegrotare
Vivere eſt mori,
Mori eſt vivere.

Balquhidder, N. B.

1681. *Daniel Blackford.*

When I was younge I ventered life and blood
Boath for my Kinge and for my Countrey's good ;
In elder yeares my care was cheife to bee
Souldiere for Him that ſhed His Blood for mee.

Oxhill, Warwick.

1682. *Rev. Thomas Flavel.*

THOMAE FLAVEL CLERICI
JOH: F. FLAVEL S. T. D. FIL:
COM: SOMERSETENS: NATI
SCHOLAE TIVERT: DEV: ALUMNI
COLL: SS. TRINITATIS OXON. A. M.
ECCLES: { MULLIANENSIS VICARII / STI. RUANI MAJORIS RECTORIS
ÆD: PETRI EXON: PREBEND:
HIC DEPONUNTUR EXUVIAE, ANNO AETATIS SUAE LXXVIJ
ET DŌI NOSTRI JES: XTI. 1682.

EARTH TAKE THINE EARTH: MY SIN LET SATAN HAVET,
THE WORLDE MY GOODS, MY SOULE MY GOD WHO GAVET:
FOR FROM THESE FOURE, EARTH, SATAN, WORLD & GOD,
MY FLESH, MY SIN, MY GOODS, MY SOULE, I HAD.

S. Mullyon, Cornw.

1683. *Izaac Walton.* (*Piſcator.*)

Alas! Hee's gone before,
Gone to returne noe more.
Our panting Breaſts aſpire
After their aged Sire,
Whoſe well-ſpent Life did laſt
Full ninety yeares, and paſt,
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'ere bee done,
Crown'd with eternall bliſſe;
We wiſh our ſouls with his.

Votis modeſtis ſic fierunt liberi.

Wincheſter Cathedral.

[*Written by Biſhop Ken?*]

1684. *Charles Lister.*

Hic jacet
Carolus Lister, in utraque
Acad: Med: Stud: Qui ipse, paulo
Ante mortem, suam cecinit
Cygnaeam cantionem.

1 Cor: xv. 55.
Ubi Mors aculeus tuus?
Grata venis, Mors,
Grata venis, nec
Me tua terrent
Spicula quae nunc
Sentio in aegro
Corpore fixa
Mors etenim agni
In cruce caesi
(O Amor ingens!)
Undique mentem
Munit, et illam
Servat ab omni
Vulnere tutam.

Phil: i. 23.
Cupio dissolvi, &c.
Mens mea mundum,
Vanaque vitae
Somnia et umbras
Laeta relinquit
Et cupit alis
Nixa duabus
Speque, fideque
Scandere summas
Ætheris oras
Merset ubi se
Flumine puri
Gaudii, Jesu,
Teque fruatur
Omnis in aeva.

Obiit die 5 Aug:
Æt: 23. Sal: 1684.

Bardsey, Yorksh.

1684. *John Musgrave.*

Depositum Johannis Musgrave de Nettlecombe, Gent: Filii natu quarti, qui sibi uni visus est dire se vixisse. Natus est iij° die Martij Anno 1656. Obijt Aprilis xv° anno 1684.

Much of my welfare & content below
I to my Mother's love & vertues owe:
Wherfore this humble grave so neere her bones
I more esteem than elsewhere marble stones.

JOHN MUSGRAVE.

Nettlecombe, Somerset.

1685.

Here lyes DANIEL McMICHEL, Martyr, ſhot dead at Dalveen by Sir John Dalziel for his adhering to the Word of God, Chriſt's Kingly Government in his Houſe and the Covenanted Work of Reformation againſt tyranny, perjury, and prelacy 1685.—Revelations xi. 11.

As Daniel was caſt in lyons' den
For praying unto God and not to men
So lyons cruelly devoured me
For bearing witneſs to Truth's teſtimony
I reſt in peace till Jeſus rend the cloud
And judge 'twixt me and thoſe who ſhed my Bluid.

Darriſdeer, Dumfrieſſhire.

1685. *Robert Clarke.*

But is Clarke dead? What doſt thou ſay?
His ſoule's alive—his body here doth lie
But in a ſleep until the Judgement Day
And live he ſhall unto Eternity:
Men ſay he's dead—I ſay ſo too,
And ere awhile they'll ſay the ſame of you.

Banham, Norfolk.

1687. *John & Ann Mably.*

Remember man within thy youthfull dayes
to ſerve the Lord eare death thy body ſeize
then live to dye to gaine ſoe high a prize
that thy poore ſoule may liue in paradiſe.

Here is the loue of my wife ſhone
that where we ly by this it may be known
my wife & i did in loue ſoe well agree
yet muſt i part for God would have it ſoe to bee
from my wife ANN MABLY.

S. Enoder, Cornw.

1687.

Born Feb: 1582.

Here lyes STEPHEN RUMBOLD
He lived to the age of an hundred and one
Sanguine and ſtrong
An hundred to one you don't live ſo long.

Dy'd
March 4. 1687.

Brightwell-Baldwin, Oxon.

1687. *John Roſewell.*

This grave's a bed of roſes, here doth ly
John Roſewell, Gent. his wife, nine children by.
Aetatis ſuae 79. Obijt 1 Decemb. anno 1687.

Engliſhcombe, Somerſet.

1688. *Rebecca Rogers.*

A houſe ſhe hath, it's made of ſuch good faſhion,
The tenant neer ſhall pay for reparation;
Nor will the Landlord ever raiſe her rent,
Or turn her out of doors for non-payment.
From chimney money too, this cell is free
To ſuch an houſe as this who would not Tenant be?

Folkeſtone, Kent.

1689. *Nicholas Greenhill, Firſt Head-Maſter, on record, of Rugby School, Rector of Whitnaſh, Warw.*

This Greenhill periwig'd with ſnow
Was leavild in the Spring:
This Hill ye Nine and Three did know
Was ſacred to his king.
But he muſt Downe although ſo much Divine
Before he Riſe never to Set but Shine.

[*Dr. Greenhill died* 1650, *aged* 70, *but this epitaph was not ſet up till* 1689 *by his ſucceſſor in the Rectory,* "*Ri: Boles, Mr Art:*" *who alſo compoſed for himſelf the following epitaph which appears on a braſs plate near the foregoing.*]

1689. *Richard Boles.*

This Mirrour makes me Slight a Life Halfe Dead,
Becauſe a Better comes when this is Fled.
My Time and Place where I doe Live are knowne:
My Deathe & Graue none knowes but God alone.
My Death Is certaine, & Vncertaine, Then
Mortalls Beware, Death comes you know not when.
I value not a Tombe, obſcure to lie
With Vertue is our Immortalitie.
My life runs on Five yeares beyond Four Score.
Once I muſt die, and then ſhall Die no more.

R. L. Boles, Ano: Dni: 1689. Ætat: Meae 85.

Whitnaſh, Warw.

1689.

Heir is the Burial-place appointed for JOHN GEEDES, Glover, Burges in Elgin, and ISSOBELL McKEAN his Spous, and their relations.

Grace me guid: in hope I byde.

Memento mori.

THIS WARLD IS A CITIE
FULL OF STREETS &
DEITH Y^E MERCAT
THAT A' MEN MEETS
IF LYFE WERE A THING
THAT MONIE COLD
BUY THE PUIR COLD
NAT LIUE & Y^E RICH
WOLD NAT DYE.

South wall of Elgin Cathedral.

[*Verſions of the above are alſo to be ſeen at* Milton, Kent, *and at* Bengeo *and* Hatfield, Herts.]

1689. *Chriſtopher Kay.*

C onfined . in . a . bed . of . dvſt
H ere . doth . a . body . lye
R aiſed . again . it . will . be . I . truſt
I nto . the . heavens . high.
S in . not . but . have . a . care
T o . make . your . calling . ſvre
O mit . thoſe . things . which . trivial . are
P riſe . that . w^he^ . will . indvre.
H ange . not . your . minde . on . ſecvlar . things
E ch . one . doth . fade . apace
R iches . the . chief . of . w^he^ . hath . wings

K eeping . no . certaine . place.
A dict . yovr . ſelves . vnto . his . conuerſation
Y ovr . pvrchaſe . heaven . for . yovr . habitation.

Maſham, Yorkſh.

1690. *Thomas Gabetis, Steward to the Counteſs of Pembroke.*

The wiſe—the eloquent—the juſt
Lies here interred among the duſt
Below, who forty years & more
Was Sheriffe—now is Heaven's ſtore
How wiſe & underſtanding too
At 86 as thoſe that woo—
When Death, with crooked ſcythe & glaſs,
Sett out the bounds he ſhould not paſs,
Saintlike his ſickneſs, & his death
Admired by all. His parting breath
So ſweet as might perfume the earth.
Doubtleſs that ſpotleſs ſoul of his
Is gone into eternall bliſs.

Brough, Linc.

1690. *Martha Tyrrell.*

Could this ſtone ſpeake it would the reader tell
She that lyes here did her whole ſex excell:
And why ſhould death, with a promiſcuous hand,
At one rude ſtroake impoveriſh a land?

Eaſt Horndon, Eſſex.

1690. *James Anderſon.*

Among the earth beneath this ſtone
Doth his forefathers ly
And this hath been ther burial place
Syne man's rememberie.

Strathmartin, N. B.

1690. *Hannah Wheeler.*

Grace, ſweetneſs, beauty,—yet not touched with pride,
She lived beloved, & much lamented died.

Morchard-Biſhop, Devon.

1691. *John Howſe, &c.*

Within this Little Howſe thre^e^ howſ^es^ ly^e^
John Howſe, James Howſe, y^e^ ſhort-liv'd twins, & I
Anne, of John Howſe once ye endeared w^ife^
Wh^o^ loſt min^e^ own^e^ To giv^e^ thoſ^e^ Babe^s^ their Life.
We thre^e^ though Dead ye^t^ ſpeake & put in mind
The Huſband Father, whom^e^ w^e^ left behi^nd^
That we wer^e^ howſes only mad^e^ of clay,
And calld For, could no longe^r^ Here ſtay,
But wer^e^ layd Her^e^ to tak^e^ our reſt & eaſe
By Death, who taketh whom^e^ & wher^e^ he pleaſe.

Langford, Berks.

1691. *Edward Poyntz, Gent. aged* 81.

A generous mind, a ſtout courageous heart,
A man uel ſtor'd wth policy, witt & art;
In feats of warre and lawe he did abound
As ſcarce beyond him any could be found.
What could be learnt both here & 'yond ye maine,
He in's vaſt memorie ſtrongly did retaine.
A uel experienced man in all affairs
He ſvch a name 'mongſt us ſuruiuing bears.
His body is here below, his ſovle is fled
Whither ye winged cherubims are fed.

Bittadon, Devon.

1693. *Mary Angell, aged* 72.

To ſay an angel here doth interr'd lye
May be thought ſtrange, for angels never dye:
Indeed ſome fell from heaven to hell,
Are loſt, & riſe no more:
This only fell from death to earth,
Not loſt, but gone before.
Her duſt lodg'd here: her ſoule, perfect in grace,
'Mongſt ſaints & angels now hath took its place.

Stepney, Middleſex.

1694. *John Velley.*

In memory of JOHN VELLEY of HARTLAND, Gentleman, who faithfully ſerved that Glorious Martyr PRINCE CHARLES & his Son during the late Civil Wars of England as a Captaine Lewetenant to SIR RICHARD CARY, and having ſurvived theſe calamities lived to the enioyment of peace & proſperity & a good old age, dying in his 77th year, Decr 7th, 1694.

Stoke S. Nectan, Devon.

1694. *John Weles.*

Quod fuit eſſe quod eſt
Quod non fuit eſſe quod eſſe
Eſſe quod eſt non eſſe
Quod eſt non eſt erit eſſe.

Lavenham, Norfolk.

[*Tranſlation by Dr. Byrom.*

What was John Weles is what John Weles was not,
The mortal being has immortal got.
The Weles that was but a *non ens*, is gone,
And now remains the true eternal John.

'*Q. S.*' *in* '*Notes and Queries*,' 1853, *gives a ſimilar epitaph in Engliſh, without place or date.*

That which a being was, what is it? ſhow:
That being which it was, it is not now.
To be what 'tis, is not to be, you ſee,
That which now is not, ſhall a being be.

There would ſeem to be a reference to Eccles. i. 9, *and* iii. 15, "*Quid eſt quod fuit? ipſum quod futurum eſt; quid eſt quod factum eſt? ipſum quod faciendum eſt.*"

"*Quod factum eſt, ipſum permanet: quæ futura ſunt, jam fuerunt: et Deus inſtaurat quod abiit.*"

The lines occur alſo at Horſham, Suſſex, *with the following addition:*

Vita malis plena eſt,
Mors pia—precioſa corona.
Poſt vitam mors eſt:
Poſt mortem vita beata.]

1694. *Mr. Thomas Holmes.*

Dear HOLMES hath found
A Home amongſt the Bleſt,
His wearied bodie for to reſt:
For nowhere can his Fleſh
True ſlumber have,
But in this Trueſt Home in Homely Grave.
His ſoule in Heavenly Tunes doth ſing
Hell, where's thy Triumph?
Death, where's thy Sting?

Bunhill Fields Cemetery.

1694. *Deborah Keene.*

Here lieth interred Mrs. DEBORAH KEENE
late OWNER of the MANOR of BRAUNTON-
ARUNDELL in this Parish. Shee was
baptized Feb: 24th. 1624. lived un-
married, and was buried
Dec. 31st. 1694.

VIRGINITY was had in estimation,
And wont to be observed with veneration:
ABOVE 'tis still so, single life is fed,
None may marry nor are married,
But live angelick lives: & VIRGINS crown'd,
All with their coronetts the LAMBE surround.
This maiden LANDLADY hath one obtain'd,
Who tho' much sought in marying still refrain'd,
And now the inheritance undefiled has gayn'd.

HEREDES POSUERE.

Braunton, Devon.

1695. *William Newberry.*

Hic jacet Newberry Will
Vitam finivit Cochiae pill:
Quis administravit? Bellamy Sue:
Quantum quantitas? Nescio—
Scisne tu?
Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

Edmonton, Middlesex.

1696. *Andrew Meekie, late Parish Dominie.*

Beneath thir stanes lye MEEKIE's banes:
O Sawtan, gin ye tak him,
Appeynt him tutor to your weans,
An' clever deils he'll mak 'em.

Curry by Edinburgh.

1697. *Captain John Dunch.*

Though Boreas' blaſts & Neptune's waves
Have toſſ'd me to & fro:
In ſpite of both by Heaven's decree,
Harbour I here below.
Where I do now at anchor ride
With many of our fleet:
Yet once again I muſt ſet ſaile,
Our ADMIRAL CHRIST to meet.

Stepney, Middleſex.

[*Alſo, with ſlight variations, at* Ipſwich, *and at* Ilfracombe *and* Pilton, Devon.]

1697. *Mr. Nathaniel Vincent, Miniſter of the Goſpel.*

Though dead I ly, I ſpeake to you that liue:
Your Heart, your All, be ſure to God you give:
At death the day of grace will fully end,
In Grief for bad, in Good Works your time ſpend.
Earthe is but Vanitie: Christ's Worth, and of his Croſs
The Vertue know, & Greatneſs of Soule's loſs.
Immortal Soules to benefit and ſaue
I have thus made a Pullpit of my Graue.

Bunhill Fields Cemetery.

[*The firſt two lines occur on other tombſtones of "Miniſters."*]

1698. *John Geers, aged* 80.

Lo here he lyes! His poor remains
This gloomy monument contains:
Let Fame in happy ſtory tell
How much he others did excell
In living and in loving well.
Bleſt with a competent eſtate,
None thought him little, none too great:
From Pride & avarice exempt,
Unenvyed yet above contempt.
To thoſe in want Heaven's almoner,

To all his friends extremely dear.
Sincerely loyal to his Prince,
A favourite of Providence.
Oh, had I lived a life like thine,
I then might wiſh this grave were mine.

Bridge Solers, Hereford.

1698. *Rev. Griffith Higgs.*

Time's a thought to think upon,
Thought's time is paſt & quickly gone,
Yet Time ſtands here for all to ſee :
Think on't & death then, what thou't bee
At roome unto eternitie.
The Church I lov'd, in it I fear'd
Within the Church to be interr'd :
But meekly I my GOD implore
A place to ly, tho' at ye doore.
Griffith Higgs his *Memento*, born the
18 of Octob^r 1608. Who died the
18 of February, 1698.

South Stoke, Oxon.

1699. *John Randall.*

Here old John Randall lies
Who counting from his tale
Lived threeſcore years & ten
Such virtue was in Ale.
Ale was his meat,
Ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive ;
And if he could have drunk his Ale,
He ſtill had been alive ;
But he died January five
1699.

Gt. Wolford, Worc.

1699.

GRISELL WEST, ſpous to John Carnegie, Doctor of the Gramer Schuil of Aberbrothok.

Here lyes a wife was chaſt, a mother bleſt,
A modeſt woman, all theſe in on cheſt:
Sarah unto her mate, *Mary* to God,
Martha vnto men, whilſt here ſhe had abode.

Arbroath, N. B.

16 . .

Thus youth, and age, and all things paſs away,
Thy turn is now as his was yeſterday:
Tomorrow ſhall another take thy room,
The next day he a prey for worms become:
And on your duſty bones ſhall others tread,
As now you walk and trample on the dead,
Till neither ſign or memory appear,
That you had ever birth or being here.

North Mimms, Herts.

1700. *Francis Thwaites.*

Here lies the body of Mr. Ffrancis, the ſon of Mr. Ffrancis Thwaits, Rector of Stanford, & of Ann his Wife, who dyed the 4th of Septr. in the 2nd year of his age. 1700.

As carefull nurſes
To their bed doe lay
Their children which too
Long would wanton play:
Soe to prevent all my
Ivening crimes,
Nature my Nurſe laid
Me to bed betimes.

Stanford, Notts.

[*Alſo at Wilford, Notts.*]

1702. *Joſeph Sommers, aged* 9.

A LITTLE TIME DID BLAST MY PRIME
AND BROUGHT ME HETHER
THE FAIREST FLOWER WITHIN AN HOURE
MAY FADE AND WETHER.

Cerne Abbas, Dorſet.

1702. *Thomas Heminge.*

The body that here buried lies
By lightnings fell death's ſacrifice
To him Elijah's fate was given
He rode on flames of fire to heaven.
Then mourn no more Hee's taken hence
By the juſt hand of Providence.
O God, the judgments of thy ſeat
Are wondrous good & wondrous great
Thy ways in all thy works appear
As thunders loud as lightnings clear.

Tintagel, Cornw.

1703. *William Borrows.*

'Tis true I led a ſingle life,
And Nare was married in my life,
For of that Seck I nare had none:
It is the Lord; his will be done.

Braunſton, Northants.

1706. *Suſan Pattiſon.*

To free me from domeſtic ſtrife
Death called at my houſe, but he ſpake with my Wife.
Suſan, wife of *David Pattiſon* lies here,
Stop Reader, and, if not in a hurry, ſhed a tear.

Hadleigh, Suffolk.

1706. *Abraham Baby.*

BENEATH THIS PLACE IN 6 FOOT IN LENGTH AGAINST Y^E
CLARK'S PEW LYETH THE BODY OF
MR. ABM. BABY,
ALSO Y^E BODY OF MARY HIS WID.
She dyed ye 21ſt May, 1705
Alſo 2 Children of y^e ſaid Abm. and Mary, which dyed in their enfantry.

Man's life is like untoe a winter's daye,
Some brake their faſte, and ſo depart awaye.
Others ſta dinner—then depart full fed.
The longeſt age but ſupps and goes to bed.
O reader, then behold and ſee
As we are now ſo muſt ye be.

1706.

Croyland, Linc.

[*Somewhat ſimilar lines are found at a later date in ſeveral churchyards, e.g.*, Stirling, 1809; Barnwell Priory, 1772; Llangollen, &c.]

1707. *James Marſhall.*

Farewell poor world, I muſt be gone,
Thou art no home, no reſt for me,
I'll take my ſtaff & travel on,
Till I a better world may ſee.

Put on, my ſoul, put on with ſpeed,
Tho' the way be long, the end is near:
Once more, poor world, farewell indeed,
[1]. . . . . .

Oakham, Rutland.

[1] *Illegible.*

1708. *John Vine.*

I hope, I think, I underſtan
Here lies the body of an honeſt man:
I truſt in CHRIST and hope that he
The joys of Heaven now do ſee.

North Stoneham, Hants.

1709.

Here lieth RICHARD DENT
In his laſte tenement.

Finedon, Northants.

1710. *Mary Cripps.*

Her body Earthly was, and to the Earth
Deſcended is, from whence it took its Birth.
Her Soul from a more high Originall
Mounted aloft, became Angelicall.
Clog not her wings, then, with your dewy tears
On which She's raiſ'd above the Starry Spheres.
Ceaſe Huſband, Children, ceaſe, give God the praiſe
Which She now warbles in immortal Layes.

Tetbury, Glouc.

1711. *Samuel Okey, aged* 10.

Here lies for Adam's firſt offence
Beauty, Wit, and Innocence:
E'er ſuch another turn to Earth,
Time ſhall throw a Dart at Death.

Bunhill Fields Cemetery.

1711.

GEORGE ARCHER & AGNES WALKER his wife.

Here lyes within this airthen airk
An Archer grave and wiſe:
Faith was his Arrow, CHRIST the Mark,
And Glory was the Prize.
His Bow is now an Hairp, his Song
Doth Halleluiahs indite:
His conſort Walker went along
To walk with CHRIST in white.

Leſlie, Fife.

1713. *Edmund Stephens, Yeoman, aged* 72.

When he had ſerved his God, His Church, his Friend,
His Family, 'twas fit his life ſhould end:
As then he had no more ſtrength to beſtow,
And God for him had no more work to doe.
Even as a gueſt well fed with Nature's ſtores,
Thankful & pleaſed, ſteps ſlowly out of doors,
So did he leave the world, went off the ſtage
Gently; not cloy'd, but ſatisfied with age.
More time he aſked not, but obey'd the call
That then did him, at laſt ſhall ſummon all.

S. Winnion, Cornw.

1714. *Robert Gilbert, Eſq. of Cantley.*

In wiſe Frugality luxuriant,
In Juſtice & Good Actes extravagant,
To all the world an univerſal Friend,
No foe to any but the ſavage kind.
How many fair eſtates have been grac'd
By the ſame generous means; yet his increaſ'd.
His duty thus perform'd to Heaven & Earth,
Each leiſure hour freſh toilſome ſports gave birth.
Had NIMROD ſeen, he would ye game decline,
To GILBERT mighty hunter's name reſign:
Tho' hundreds to the grounds he oft has chaſ'd,
That ſubtle Fox Death earth'd him here at laſt,
And left a fragrant ſcent ſo ſweet behind
That ought to be purſu'd by all mankind.

Cantley, Norfolk.

1714. *Thomas Goldſmith, Commander of the "Snapdragon" privateer: who became a Pirate.*

Men that are virtuous ſerve the Lord;
And the devil's by his friends ador'd;
And as they merit get a place
Amidſt the bleſt of helliſh race;

Pray then, ye learned clergy, ſhew
Where can this brute Tom Goldſmith go?
Whoſe life was one continu'd evil,
Striving to cheat God, man, and devil.

Dartmouth, Devon.

1715. *Freame Clutterbuck, an infant.*

When CHRIST commands away
'Tis Sin to wiſh to ſtay
Tho' ſoon thy Glaſs be run
For Heav'n thou'rt not too young
For all are like thee there
Go then, and be Heav'n's Heir.

Stroud, Glouc.

1715.

Remember Man as you
Paſby as You Are Now
So once Was i As i Am
Now So Muſt You Bee
Make Peace with CHRIST And
FOLLOW ME
Fear God and keep His Command
Ment This is ye whole duty of
MAN.

Potterne, Wilts.

1716. *John Aſhe.*

Here lyes dear JOHN, his parents' love & ioy,
That moſt pretty & ingenious boy,
His matchleſs ſoul is not yet forgotten,
Though here the lovely body dead & rotten.
Ages to come may wonder at his fame,
And here his death by ſhameful malice came.
How ſpiteful ſome did uſe him, & how rude,
Griefe will not let me write: but now conclude;

To God for ever all praiſe be given,
Since we hope he is with him in heaven.
J. A. ob: 23 Dec: 1716.

Dinton, Wilts.

1716. *Mary Tilly.*

Reader, behold me; I return to duſt,
Yet, at the reſurrection of the juſt,
My body to my ſoul ſhall be united,
To love with Chriſt, in whom I have delighted.

Ewerne Minſter, Dorſ.

1718.

Here lieth the body of Margaret Lupton, late wife of Mr. Sampſon Lupton of Braiſty Woods in Netherdale, who departed this life the 2d of November, anno Domini, 1718 in the 74th year of her age, & lived to be mother & grandmother to above 150 children, and at the baptizing of the firſt grandchild, the child had ten grandfathers & grandmothers then preſent.

Ripon, Yorkſh.

1719. *Jeremiah Simpſon.*

Here lieth He ould
Jeremy who hath
eight times maried
been but now in his
ould age he lies
in his cage under
the graſs ſo green
which Ieremiah ſimp
ſon departed this
Life in the 84 yeare
of his age in the
year of our Lord
1 7 1 9.

Welton, Yorkſh.

1720. *Henry Wilcock.*

TO . THE . MEMORY . OF
HENERY . THE . SON . OF . HEN .
ERY . AND . HONOUR . WILCOCK .
HE . WAS . BVRIED . THE . 19 . DAY . OF .
JUNE . IN . THE . YEAR . 1720 . AGED . 24.

Stay . awhile . you . paſſers . bye .
And . ſee . how . I . in . duſt . doe . lye .
Tho . I . ly . here . in . confuſing . mould .
I . ſhall . riſe . vp . like . ſhining . gold .

Stoke S. Nectan, Devon.

1721. *John Whittle & Deborah his wife.*

The Fates *John Whittle* to the clay
And priſon cloſe have ſent;
His leaſe was out, he could not ſtay,
For Death would have his rent.
Cover'd with duſt the farmer lies,
By *Deborah* confin'd:
When trumpet ſounds theſe doves will riſe,
And leave their chains behind.

Stourton Candel, Dorſet.

1723. *Frances Fry.*

Stop paſſenger, and view this mournful ſhrine,
That holds ye reliques of a form divine;
O! ſhe was all perfection, heavenly fair!
And chaſte and innocent as mortals are.
Her wit & humour and her youth conſpired
To warm y^e ſoul, and all who ſaw admired:—
But ah! how ſoon was all ye heaven of charms
Rifled by death, and withered in his arms;
Too ſoon for us, but not for her too ſoon!
For now upon ye wings of angels flown,
Their native ſkies, ſhe's by her God careſſed,
And keeps eternal ſabbath with the bleſſed.

Learn hence betimes, (good reader) to be wiſe,
This trifling world and all its joys deſpiſe.
With each bright virtue let thy boſom ſwell,
And live like her, y^t you may dye ſo well.

Membury, Devon.

1723. *Frances Flood.*

Stop Reader and wonder! ſee as ſtrange as e'er was known,
My feet dropt off from my body, in the midſt of the bone.
I had no ſurgeon for my help, but God Almighty's aid
On whome I always will rely, and never be afraid:
Tho' here beneath Intred they ly, corruption for to ſee:
Yet they ſhall riſe and reunite to all Eternity.

FRANCES FLOOD.
Apl. 1. 1723.

Saltford, Somerſ.

1724. *Elizabeth wife of Richard Cupper.*

Sharp was her wit, mild was her nature:
A tender wife & a good humoured creature.

Omberſley, Worc.

1724. *Elizabeth Corbett.*

Here reſts a Woman, good without Pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe:
No conqueſt ſhe but o'er herſelf deſired;
No arts eſſayed, but not to be admired.
Paſſion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinced that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compoſed a mind,
So firm, yet ſoft, ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refined,
Heaven as its pureſt Gold, by Tortures try'd,
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the *Woman* dy'd.

S. Margaret's, Weſtminſter.
[*Written by Pope.*]

1725. *Richard Tully.*

Here lies old Mr. RICHARD TULLY,
Who liv'd an *C* & 3 years fully,
And threeſcore years before the Mayor
The Sword of this City he did bear.
Nine of his wives do by him lye,
So ſhall the tenth when ſhe doth dy.

S. Katharine's, Glouceſter.

1727. *George Warmington, of Camelford, Gent.*

Tis my requeſt
My bones may reſt
Within this cheſt
Without moleſt.

S. Stephen Dunheved, Cornw.

1727.

John Durſton, Rector of Alton Berners, Wilts, and of this Church more than 40 years, æt. 82.

All words are vain
Where none can count the worth.

Miſerden, Glouc.

1728. *Henry Raper.*

Here Henry Raper
Lies in duſt;
His ſtature ſmall,
His mind was juſt.
1728.

Ripon, Yorkſh.

1729. *Robert & Mary Digby, ſecond ſon & eldeſt dau. of William, Lord Digby.*

Go, fair example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt reaſon & pacific truth ;
Compoſ'd in ſufferings, & in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great ;
Go, juſt of word, in ev'ry thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear ;
Of gentleſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, a friend of human kind ;
Go, live, for heaven's eternal year is thine ;
Go, & exalt thy mortal to divine.
And thou, too cloſe attendant on his doom,
Bleſt maid, haſt haſtened to the ſilent tomb ;
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more.
Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known,
Go, where to love & to enjoy are one !
Yet take theſe tears, Mortality's relief,
And, till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief ;
Theſe little rites, a ſtone & verſe, receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give.

A. POPE.

Sherborne Abbey, Dorſet.

1730. *Sir James Shepherd, Knt., Sergeant at law.*

In expectationis diei ſupremi.
qualis erat
Dies iſte indicabit.

Honiton, Devon.

[*Engliſh verſions of this may be ſeen at* Ilfracombe, *and at* Cofton-Hackett.]

1730. *Robert Preſton, late drawer at the "Boar's Head Tavern," Great Eaſtcheap, aged* 27.

Bacchus, to give the toping world ſurpriſe,
Produc'd one ſober ſon, and here he lies.
Tho' nurſ'd among full hogſheads, he defy'd
The charm of wine, & every vice beſide.
O reader, if to juſtice thou'rt inclin'd,
Keep honeſt Preſton daily in thy mind.
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had ſundry virtues that outweigh'd his fauts.
You that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
Pray copy BOB in meaſure of attendance.

S. Michael's, Eaſtcheap.

1732. *Charles Claudius Philips.*

Whoſe abſolute contempt of riches, & innimitable performances on the Violin made him the admiration of all that knew him. He was born in Wales, made the Tour of Europe, & after the experience of both kinds of Fortune, died in the year 1732.

Exalted ſoul, thy various ſounds could pleaſe
The loveſick virgin, & the gouty eaſe,
And jarring crowds, like old Amphion, move
To beauteous order & harmonious love.
Now reſt in peace, till Angels bid thee riſe
And join thy Saviour's concert in the ſkies.

Wolverhampton.

1733. *Edward Strange.*

Vain King of Terrors, boaſt no more
Thine antient wide extended pow'r;
Each saint in life, with Chriſt his head,
Shall reign, when thou thyſelf art dead.

Abſton, Glouc.

1733. *Mrs. Ann Clarke.*

On helpleſs Babes I did attend,
Whilſt I on earth my life did ſpend:
To help the helpleſs in their need
I ready was with care & ſpeed.
Many from pain my hands did free,
But none from death could reſcu me.
My courſe is run & hower is paſt,
And you is coming all ſo faſt.

John Bradley was the firſt child ſhe received into this world, in 1698, & ſince, above 5000!

Tiverton, Devon.

1734. *John Eykyn.*

MARIAM juxta uxorem IOHANNES EYKYN, L.L.B.
Iſtius Eccleſiæ Rector,
Diem hic expectat
Supremum.
Tu vero Lector Vigila
Ne Dies tremendus ille
Tibi ſuperveniat
inopinanti.

I. E. } ob. { Jul. 27° 1734 } AN. { 63.
M. E. } { Nov. 24° 1729 } { 68.

Farmington, Glouc.

1734. *Robert Awood, Practitioner of Phyſic, & Elizabeth his dau.* (*æt.* 7.)

Here lies a Father with his offspring dear,
Joy of his Heart, & Solace of his Care;
She freſh in Years, & tender in her Frame,
Wither'd & fell by Febris' waſtfull Flame.
The Parent anxious to allay the Fire,
Unguarded, ſtricken, did near her expire.

Oh gloomy ſtate of Man! when void of Fence
Not Virtue ſtands, nor yet can Innocence!
But ſince the Good awaits a better Lot;
A Child of God's can never be forgot.

Slimbridge, Glouc.

1735. *Rev. Samuel Weſley.*

Here
Lieth all that was Mortal
of Samuel Weſley A.M. he was
Rector of Epworth 39 Years
and departed this Life 25 of
April 1735 Aged 72.

As he liv'd ſo he died in the
true Catholic Faith of the
Holy Trinity in unity and
that Jeſus Chriſt is God
incarnate and the only Saviour
of mankind. Acts 4—12.

Bleſſed are the dead which
die in the Lord yea ſaith the
Spirit that they may reſt
from their labours and their
works do follow them.
Rev. 14—13.

Epworth, Linc.

[*From a rubbing.*]

1736.

The Lord ſaw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree:
I met with a check, & I broke my neck,
And ſo death lopped off me.

Ockham, Surrey.

1736. *John Spong, Carpenter.*

Who many a ſturdy oak had laid along,
Fell'd by Death's ſurer hatchet, here lies Spong.
Poſts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get,
And liv'd by railing, tho' he was no wit.
Old ſaws he had, altho' no antiquarian,
And ſtiles corrected, yet no grammarian.
Long liv'd he Ockham's prime architect;
And laſting as his fame a tomb t'erect
In vain we ſeek an artiſt ſuch as he
Whoſe pales & gates are for eternity.

Ockham, Surrey.

1737. *Humphry Jones.*

Underneath this ſtone doth lye
The bodye of *Mr. Humpherie*
Jones, who was of late
By trade a plate
Worker in Barbicanne;
Well known to be a good manne
By all his friends & neighbours too,
And paid every bodie their due.
He died in the year 1737,
Auguſt 10th, aged 80; his ſoule, we hope's in heaven.

S. Pancras' Churchyard.

1740. *Thomas Phillips.*

Hoc ſaxum Vivus Moriturus mihi poſui
Thomas Phillips Gentleman.

Ickford, Bucks.

1745. *Richard Auſtin, Blackſmith.*

My Sledge & Hammer lye declin'd,
My Bellows too have loſt their wind,
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decaid,
And in the duſt my Vice is laid.
My Coal is ſpent, my Iron's gone,
My Naills are drove, my Work is done.

Ayleſbury, Bucks.

[*The above, ſaid to have been written by Hayley, occurs, with ſlight variations, in many churchyards. In ſome few caſes two extra lines appear.*

My fire-dried Corpſe lies here at reſt,
My Soule, like Smoak, ſoars to be bleſt.]

1745. *Samuel & Mary Auſtin.*

Stay awhile & ſpend a tear
Upon the duſt that ſlumbers here
And while thou readſt the fate of me
Think on ye glaſſe that runs for thee.

MARY Wife of the above.

I grieve to think I cannot grieve no more
To think my deareſt Friend is gone before
But ſince it pleaſed God to part us here
In Heaven I hope to meet my deareſt dear.

Pewſey, Wilts.

1745. *Anne Harriſon.*

S. M. Anne Harriſon, well known by the name of NANNA RAN DAN, who was chaſte but no prude; & tho' free yet no harlot. By Principle vertuous, by Education a Proteſtant; her freedom made her liable to cenſure, while her extenſive charities made her eſteemed. Her tongue ſhe was unable to control, but the reſt of her members ſhe kept in ſubjection. After a life of 80 years thus ſpent, ſhe died. 1745.

Eaſingwold, Yorkſh.

1746. *Daniel Jeffrey.*

This Youth when in his ſicknefs lay,
did for the miniſter ſend × that he would
Come & With him Pray × but he would not ate[nd]
But when this young man Buried was
The Miniſter did him admit × he ſhould be
Carried into Church × that he might money geet
By this you See what man will dwo × to geet
money if he can × who did refuſe to come
and pray × by the Foreſaid young man.

Weſt Allington, Devon.

[*Query, How came the "Miniſter" to allow ſuch an inſcription to be ſet up in his churchyard?*]

1747. *Joſeph Trapp, D.D., Vicar.*

Death, Judgment, Heaven, & Hell! Think, Chriſtian, think!
You ſtand on vaſt Eternity's dread brink:
Faith and Repentance, Piety and Prayer,
Deſpiſe this world, the Next be all your care;
Thus, while my Tomb the ſolemn ſilence breaks,
And to the eye this cold dumb marble ſpeaks,
Tho' dead, I preach: if e'er with ill ſucceſs
Living, I ſtrove the important truths to preſs,
Your precious, your immortal ſouls to ſave,
Hear me at leaſt, oh hear me from the grave!

S. Leonard, Foſter-Lane.

1747. *William Weſt, aged* 8.

The Lord was pleaſed His power to ſhow
In giving me a mortal throw,
Which was from off a waggon's head
Cruſh'd with the wheels as it was ſaid.
Let this my death a warning be
The young or old I plainly ſee
Muſt go when death doth for you call
Appointed time there is for all.

Wolverton, Somerſ.

1751. *Charles Rathbone.*

Here Charles Rathbone he doth lie
And by a misfortune he did die
On the 17th of July.
1751.

S. Giles', Shrewſbury.

1751. *Joſeph Dain.*

Good peppell as you paſs by
I pray you on me caſt an I
For as you am ſo wounce wous I
And as i am ſo muſt you be
Therefore prepare to follow me.

Haſtings, Suſſex.

1751. *James Ramſay, Portioner of Melroſe.*

The earth goeth on the earthe
Gliſteringe like gold
The earthe goeth to the earthe
Sooner than it wold
The earth builds on the earthe
Caſtles and Towers
The earthe ſays to the earthe
All ſhall be ours.

Melroſe, N. B.

1752. *Charles Brown.*

Here lyes in the duſt Charles Brown
Sometime a wricht in London Town
Who comin' hame parents to ſee
And of his years being twenty three
Of a decay with a bad hoſt
He dyed upon the Yorkſhire coſt.
The 18th of May 1752.
We hope his ſoule in Heaven reſts now.

Leſlie, Fife.

1753. *Thomas Payne, aged* 11 *years.*

Silent Grave, to thee I truſt
Theſe precious Piles of lovely Duſt
Keep them ſafely, ſacred Tomb,
Till a Father aſks for Room.

T. F. hoc poſuit 1754.

S. Helen's, Biſhopſgate.

1753.

Here lyes the body of JAMES VERNOR Eſq^r. only ſurviving ſon of Admiral Vernor, died the 23^d July, 1753.

S. Andrew's, Plymouth.

1756. *Rebecca Leyborne.*

In memory of Rebecca Leyborne
Interr'd at the foot of this pillar,
Born *June* the 4th, 1698,
Deceaſed *February* 18, 1756.
A Wife more than twenty-three years to *Robert Leyborne*, D.D.
Who never ſaw her once ruffled with anger,
or heard her utter even a peeviſh word;
Whether pain'd or injur'd, the ſame good woman,
In whoſe mouth, as in whoſe character,
was no contradiction:
Reſign'd, gentle, courteous, affable:
Without paſſion, tho' not without ſenſe,
She took offence as little as ſhe gave it;
She never was, or made, an enemy;
To ſervants mild; to relations kind;
To the poor a friend, to the ſtranger hoſpitable;
Always caring how to pleaſe her huſband,
Yet was her attention to the one thing needful.
How few will be able to equal,
What all ſhould endeavour to imitate!

Bath Abbey.

1756. *John Spearing.*

Here beneath this Cold ſtone
Lies Harmonious John
Let not antient ſongs claim
To themſelves all the fame
Compariſon leaves no room
Their harmonious Powers
Built but Walls & high Towers
We've raiſed with Muſick
This Toom.

North Stoneham, Hants.

1756. *Miſs Baſnett.*

Go ſpotleſs Honour & unſullied Truth,
Go ſmiling Innocence & blooming Youth,
Go female Sweetneſs, join'd with manly Senſe,
Go winning Wit that never gave offence,
Go ſoft Humanity that bleſt the poor,
Go ſaint-eyed Patience from affliction's door,
Go Modeſty that never wore a frown,
Go Vertue & receive thy heavenly Crown.
Not from a Stranger came this heartfelt verſe,
The Friend inſcrib'd thy Tombe, whoſe Tear bedew'd thy herſe.

S. Pancras.

1756. *John Guley.*

Here lieth the body of JOHN GULEY Senr in expectation of the laſt Day. What ſort of man he was, that Day will diſcover.[1] He was clerk of this Pariſh 55 years. He died in 1756, aged 75.

Coſton Hackett, Worc.

[1] *This rather dubious remark occurs in more than one place, e.g., at* Ilfracombe, Devon, *to* JOHN & MARY DOCKETT, *of whom it is ſaid,* "They was Governour & Governeſs of the Poor's Houſe near this Church. They was members of the Church of England all their days. Their bodies lies in thoſe two graves expecting a joyful Reſurrection at the Laſt Day. What ſort of people they was, that Day will diſcover."

1756. *Mary Ward.*

May this Monument be ſuſtained
To the end of Time
SACRED
To the Memory and Vertues of
Miſs MARY WARD
The Darling of her Friends
The Admiration of Strangers
And real Bleſſing of her Family.
Her Perſon
Was tall and gracefull
Her Features
Handſome and Regular
But her Mind
Pious, Modeſt, Delicate and Amiable
Beyond the credit of Deſcription.
Parents of Children
And Inhabitants of her Native Village
Drop a Tear
To this Sweet Short-lived Flower
Who having juſt added a Complete Education
To her natural Excellencies
DIED
Uncommonly Perfect and Lamented
On the 30th Jany.
1756
Aged 15 years 6 months.

Gt. Wilbraham, Camb.

1757. *John Dale.*

Know poſterity that on the 8th of April in the year of Grace 1757, the rambling remains of the above ſaid JOHN DALE were in the 86th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives.

This thing, in life, might raiſe ſome jealouſy;
Here all three lie together lovingly;

But from embraces here no pleaſure flows,
Alike are here all human joys & woes.
Here *Sarah's* chiding *John* no longer hears,
And old *John's* rambling *Sarah* no more fears;
A period's come to all their toilſome lives;
The Goodman's quiet, ſtill are both his Wives.

Bakewell, Derb.

1758. *Jane Wyatt.*

O thou moſt beloved ſiſter and deareſt friend, let me thus bid thee a ſorrowful but, as my ſoul hopes, not an everlaſting farewell.

Ewerne Minſter, Dorſet.

1759. *Thomas Yerbury.*

From ev'ry bluſtrous Storm of Life,
And that worſt ſtorm, domeſtick Strife,
Which ſhipwrecks all our ſocial joys,
And ev'ry worldly Bliſs deſtroys;
I luck'ly am arrived at laſt,
And ſafe in Port my Anchor's caſt;
Where ſhelter'd by the bliſsful Shore,
Nought ſhall diſturb, or vex me more;
But joys ſerene, & calmeſt Peace,
Which Chriſt beſtows, ſhall never ceaſe.

Newnham, Glouc.

1759. *Thomas & Elizabeth Pyndar, & Reginald their Son.*

As their Memorials have one Stone,
So were their hearts entirely one;
Whoſe Virtues could this Stone relate,
Or couldſt thou, Reader, imitate,
This Stone all others would excell
In ſpeaking, thoſe in doing well.

Kempley, Glouc.

1759. *Joan Ley.*

JOAN LEY here ſhe Lay[s] all mold in grave
I Truſt in God her Soul to ſave
And with her Saviour Chriſt to dwell
And there i hope to Live as well
This Compoſ[d] by her Gratefull Huſband
NICHOLAS LEY.

Ilfracombe, Devon.

1760. *Benjamin Dobins.*

The coſtly Marble may perhaps expreſs
In lying lines th' Unworthy's Worthineſs:
Thy humble Stone ſhall this ſad Truth convey,
The beſt belov'd is ſooneſt call'd away.
Full ſhort, but full of Honour, was thy Span,
Thou tender Huſband, and thou honeſt Man.

Almondſbury, Glouc.

1760. *John Cook.*

Here lieth JOHN JAMES
COOK of NEWBY
who was a faithful ſervant to his Maſter
and an
upright downright honeſt man.

Banes amang ſtanes
Do lye fou ſtill:
Whik the ſoul wanders
Een where God will.

Ripon, Yorkſh.

1761. "*Beau Naſh.*"

Adeſte O Cives, adeſte Lugentes !
hic ſilent Leges
RICARDI NASH, Armig.
nihil amplius imperantis :
qui diu et utiliſſimè
aſſumptus Bathoniae
elegantiae Arbiter,
eheu !
morti, (ultimo deſignatori)
haud indecorè ſuccubuit,
ann. Dom. MDCCLXI. Ætat. ſuae LXXXVII.
beatus ille qui ſibi imperioſus !

If ſocial virtues make remembrance dear,
Or manners pure on decent rule depend ;
To *His* remains conſign one grateful tear,
Of youth the Guardian, and of all the Friend.

Now ſleeps Dominion ; here no Bounty flows ;
Nor more avails the feſtive ſcene to grace,
Beneath that Hand which no diſcernment ſhews,
Untaught to honour, or diſtinguiſh place.

Bath Abbey.

[*Written by Dr. Harington.*]

1764. *John & Alice Browning.*

Death in a good old age
Ended our weary pilgrim ſtage
It was to we a end of pain
In hopes to enter Life again.

Legh Delamere, Wilts.

1765. *Thomas Chambers.*

"Of ſuch is the kingdom of heaven."

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF THOMAS CHAMBERS
DANCING MASTER
whoſe genteel addreſs and aſſiduity
in Teaching
recommended him to all that had the
pleaſure of his acquaintance.
He died June 13, 1765.
Aged 31.

Llanbelig, Carnarv.

1767. *Mary, the wife of the Rev. William Maſon.*

Take, holy earth, all that my ſoul holds dear;
Take that beſt gift which heaven ſo lately gave.
To Briſtol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; ſhe bow'd to taſte the wave,
And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does ſympathetic fear their breaſts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria; breathe a ſtrain divine:
E'en from the grave thou ſhalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaſte, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's ſphere as meekly move;
And, if ſo fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendſhip, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an aweful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlaſting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their GOD."

Briſtol Cathedral.

1767. *Joſeph Newton.*

Who wiſhed to live peaceably with all men.
Born 12th July 1682: died Jany 10th 1767.
He lived in the reigns of
Twelve crowned heads of Englande.

Sheffield S. Peter.

1767. *John Bilbie, Clockmaker, aged* 33.

Bilbie, thy
Movements kept in play
For thirty years and more we ſay,
Thy Balance or thy
Mainſpring's broken,
And all thy movements ceaſe to work.

Axbridge, Somerſ.

1768. *John Archer, æt.* 74.

Beneath this ſtone lies ARCHER JOHN,
Late Sexton I aver,
Who without tears for 34 years
Did carcaſes inter,
Till to his diſmay, on a ſummer day,
Death to him once did ſay—
Leave off your trade, Be not afraid
But follow me away.
Without reply, or word or ſigh,
The ſummons he obey'd;
In ſeventeen hundred & ſixty eight
Reſign'd his life & ſpade.

Selby Abbey.

1769. *David Williams.*

Under this Yew Tree
Bvried he would be:
Becauſe his Father he
Planted this Yew Tree.

Guildsfield, Montgom.

1770. *Jane Shepherd.*

Short was my ſtay in this vain world,
All but a ſeeming laughter,
Therefore mark well my words & ways,
For thou com'ſt poſting after.

Ripon, Yorkſh.

1770.

In memory of
CHARLES WARD
Who died May 1770
Aged 63 years
A dutiful ſon, a loving brother
and an affectionate huſband.

N. B. This ſtone was not erected by SUSAN his wife. She erected a ſtone to JOHN SALTER her *ſecond* huſband, forgetting the affection of CHARLES WARD her firſt Huſband.

Let no one diſturb his bones.

Loweſtoft, Suffolk.

1770. *George Morgan.*

Say more I need not, & ſay leſs who can;
Here lies the gen'rous, humane, honeſt man.

Newland, Glouc.

1770. *Three Children of Joſeph and Arabella Maton.*

1

Innocence Embelliſhes Divinely Complete
To Preſcience Coegent Now Sublimely Great
To the Benign, Perfecting, Vivifying State.

2

So Heavenly Guardian Occupy the Skies
The Pre-exiſtent God, Omnipotent, All-wiſe:
He can Surpaſſingly Immortalize thy Theme,
And Permanent thy ſongul[1] Celeſtiall Supreme.

3

When Gracious Refulgence bids the Grave Reſign,
The Creator's Nurſing Protection be Thine:
Thus each Perſpiring Æther will Joyfully Riſe
Tranſcendently Good, Superiminently Wiſe.

S. Edmund's, Saliſbury.

[1] *Song all?*

1771. *John Biſſey.*

Tho here Engrave our Son ſo dear is laid
If God had pleaſ'd for him with us to ſtaid
Until our eyes with his had cloſed been
Then had not us theſe days of ſorrow ſeen.

Holt, Wilts.

1772. *John Stewart.*

Man's life is but a winter's day
Some only breakfaſt and away
Others to dinner ſtay & are full fed
The oldeſt man but ſups & goes to bed.
Long is his life who lingers out the day
Who goes the ſooneſt has the leaſt to pay.

Barnwell Priory Church.

[*Verſions of this occur in ſeveral places, e.g., at* Llangollen, *&c.*]

1773. *Rev. Samuel Love, Minor Canon.*

When *worthleſs* grandeur fills the embelliſh'd urn,
No poignant grief attends the ſable bier;
But when *diſtinguiſh'd* excellence we mourn,
Deep is the ſorrow, genuine the tear.

Stranger, ſhouldſt thou approach this awful ſhrine,
The merits of the honour'd dead to ſeek;
The Friend, the Son, the Chriſtian, the Divine,
Let thoſe who knew him, thoſe who lov'd him, ſpeak.

Oh! let them in ſome pauſe of anguiſh ſay,
What zeal inſpir'd, what faith enlarg'd his breaſt;
How ſoon the unfetter'd ſpirit wing'd its way
From earth to heaven—from bleſſing to be bleſt.

Briſtol Cathedral.

[*By Mrs. Hannah More.*]

1774. *John Foſter, Head-maſter of Eton.*

Qui fuerim, ex hoc marmore cognoſces:
Qualis vero cognoſces alicubi.
Eo ſcilicet ſupremo tempore,
Quo egomet qualis et tu fueris cognoſcam.

Windſor, Berks.

1776. *Richard Hooper.*

There Leyes the
body of RICHARD
HOOPER he dyed
March the 31st
MDCCLXXVI aged 76

Death in a good old age
Ended my weary Pilgrimage
The Time will come to riſe, & then
I hope to be with CHRIST. Amen.

Pewſey, Wilts.

1777. *Rebeka Gregor.*

I coo and Pine & Ne'er ſhall be at Reſt,
Till I come to thee Deareſt, Sweeteſt, Beſt.
REBEKA GREGOR
Daughter of John Oſborne eſqr.
of this Pa^sh^ lyes here buried.

Hartlep, Eſſex.

1777. *Ann Lingham, aged* 24.

By death's rude hand untimely ſnatch'd away,
I ſleep in hope, & wait the dawning day,
When this frail duſt ſhall triumph o'er the tomb,
And Virgin Beauty wear immortal bloom.
Wafted by angels to the bliſsful ſhore,
No more to ſicken, & to die no more.
Farewell, my friends, farewell for ever dear,
Read this, & ceaſe to drop the ſilent tear.

Woodbridge, Dorſet.

1779.

ANNABELLA WILLETT
Uxor RODOLPHI WILLETT de Therley
Ceſſit fatis 10mo Decembris, 1779, æt. 61mo;
Quadraginta annis in amore mutuo
Et in dies creſcente, feliciter exactis.
Quid luges? Conviva ſatur, cede.
Cedo lubens;
ENS ENTIUM! miſerere noſtrum.

Gt. Canford, Dorſet.

1779. *Richard & Elizabeth Barkland.*

When terreſtriall all in chaos ſhall exhibit effervescence
Then celeſtiall virtues with their full effulgent brilliant eſſence
Shall with beaming beauteous radiance through the ebullition ſhine,

Tranſcending to glorious regions beatifical ſublime;
Then human power abſorbed, deficient to delineate ſuch effulgent laſting ſparks,
Where honeſt plebeians ever will have precedence over ambiguous great monarchs.

Ercall Magna, Salop.

[*Perhaps by the ſame writer as that at* S. Edmund's, Sarum.]

1780. *Richard Weſton, Baker.*

Short of weight
H . L . T . B . O .
R . W .
I . H . O . A . J . R.
A . D. 1780. A. 63.

S. Andrew's, Worceſter.

1781. *Aaron Barkers.*

My wife ſo dear I've left behind
With an akeing heart & a troubl'd mind
In Heaven I hope your ſoul to ſee
So lead your life for to come to mee
There paine & greif cannot annoy
Nor yet eclipſe our lovving joy.

Maker, Cornw.

1781. *James Barker.*

O cruel Death, how could you be ſo unkind,
To take him before, and leave me behind?
You ſhou'd have taken both of us if either,
Which wou'd have been more pleaſing to the ſurvivor.

S. Philip's, Birmingham.

1784. *William Rideout.*

Full ſixty years Life's buſy path I trod,
And always walked in the fear of God;
Prepar'd for death, his ſummons did obey,
And here muſt lie to hungry worms a prey.
My body's rotting; yet my ſoul, I truſt,
Will riſe again, and live among the juſt.

Shrowton, Dorſet.

1787. *Daniel Tear.*

Here, Friend, is little Daniel's Tombe,
To Joſeph's age he did arrive;
Sloth killing thouſands in their bloom,
While labour kept poor Dan alive.
Though ſtrange yet true, full ſeventy years
Was his wife happy in her TEARS.

Daniel Tear died Dec. 9th, 1787. Aged 110 years.

Kirk S. Anne, I. of Man.

1789.

O cruel death, ſo ſoon to end
Two faithful wives & ſincere friends
Death takes the good, too good on earth to ſtay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

Harborne, near Birmingham.

1790. *Mary Ford.*

Here lyes MARY the Wife of JOHN FORD,
We hope her ſoule is gone to the LORD;
But if for Hell ſhe has chang'd this life,
She had better be there than be John Ford's wife.

Formerly at Potterne, Wilts.

1790. *Bryan Tunſtall.*

Here lies poor but honeſt
BRYAN TUNSTALL
He was a moſt expert Angler,
until Death, envious of his merit,
threw out his line, hook'd him
and
landed him here the 21ſt day of April
1790.

Ripon, Yorkſh.

1792. *Iſaac Smith.*

Farewell vain world, I know enough of thee
An now am careleſs what thou ſayſt of me
Thy ſmiles I envy not nor thy frowns fear
My cares are paſt, my head lies quiet here
What faults you've ſeen in me, take care to ſhun
And look at home. Enough there's to be done.

Biſhop's Cannings, Wilts.

1793. *Sarah Royſton.*

A pale Conſumption gave the fatall blow,
The ſtroke was certain, tho' th' effect was ſlow:
With ling'ring pain Heaven ſaw me ſore oppreſt,
Pitied my ſighs, & kindly gave me reſt.

Woodhurſt, Hants.

[*An early inſtance of this epitaph, which may be found, with ſlight variations, in almoſt every churchyard in the weſtern and ſouthern counties.*]

1793. *John Berridge.*

Here lye
the earthly Remains of
JOHN BERRIDGE
late VICAR of EVERTON
and an Itinerant ſervant of JESUS CHRIST
who loved his MASTER & his WORK
and after running on His errands many years
was caught up to wait on Him in Heaven
READER
art thou born again?
No Salvation without a New Birth.

I was born in ſin February 1716
Remain'd ignorant of my fallen ſtate till 1730:
Lived proudly on faith & works for
ſalvation till 1754,
Admitted to EVERTON VICARAGE 1755;
Fled to JESUS alone for refuge 1756;
Fell aſleep in JESUS January 22, 1793.

Everton, Lanc.

[*Written by himſelf except the date of death.*]

1794. *Suſanna Philips.*

Here lies a good & patient wife,
Who in her life time hated ſtrife;
A gen'rous friend in time of need,
And one who lov'd the poor to feed;
A loving wife, a tender mother;
'Tis hard to find out ſuch another.

Stalbridge, Dorſet.

1796. *Benjamin Coombes, Gent, & Betty his wife.*

Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we ſtill ſecure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

Woodbridge, Dorſet.

1796. *Robert Baxter, of Farhouſe.*

All you that pleaſe theſe lines to read,
It will cauſe a tender heart to bleed.
I was murdered upon the fell,
And by a man I knew full well;
By bread & butter which he laid,
I, being harmleſs, was betrayed.
I hope he will rewarded be
That laid the poiſon there for me.

Knareſdale, Northumb.

1797. *John Hayne.*

'Tis done, the laſt great debt of nature paid,
HAYNE amongſt the numerous dead is laid:
O'er hills & dales, thro' woods, o'er mountains, rocks,
With keeneſt ardor he purſu'd the FOX:
Heedleſs of danger, ſtranger to diſmay,
Dauntleſs thro' obſtacles he held his way:
But now, alas! no more his boſom beats
High in the chaſe, forgotten are his heats;
His ardor boots him not, for here are bounds
Ne'er overleap'd by huntſman or by hounds;
Here was his courſe arreſted; then draw near
Sons of the Chace, and drop the pitying tear:
Now o'er his tomb as you impaſſion'd bend,
And penſive think of your departed friend,
Repeat the tale convey'd in ſimple ſtrain,
And ſighing ſay—here lies poor honeſt HAYNE.

Pilton, Devon.

1797. *William Aſh.*

Reader, paſs on, nor waſte your precious time
On bad biography and murdered rhyme :
What I was before 's well known to my neighbours,
What I am now is no concern of yours.

Weſt Down, Devon.

1798. *Suſanna Wheffen.*

Sober, though liberal, and though prudent, juſt ;
Truſty, though cautious whom ſhe ought to truſt ;
She paſſed through life reſpected and admir'd,
To that bleſt kingdom ſhe ſo much deſir'd.

Biſhop's Candell, Dorſet.

1799. *Thomas Johnſon, Surgeon.*

What I was once ſome may relate,
What I am now is all men's fate :
What I ſhall be none can explain,
Till he that call'd doth call again.

Brancepeth, Durham.

1800. *John Hart, "The 6th deſcendant from the Poet Shakeſpere."*

Here lies the only comfort of
my life, Who was the beſt of
Huſbands to a wife, Since
he is not, no joy I e'er ſhall
have, Till laid by him
within the ſilent grave ;
Here we ſhall ſleep, & quietly
remain, Till by God's decree
we meet in Heaven again,
There with Chriſt eternally
to dwell, And until that
bleſt time, my Love, farewell.

Tewkeſbury, Worc.

1800. *William Alderſley.*

More would you have? Go aſk the Poor he fed.
Whoſe was the Hand that raiſed their drooping head;
Aſk of the few whoſe path is ſtrew'd with flowers,
Who made the happy ſtill have happier hours;
Whoſe Voice like his could charm all care away,
Whoſe Look ſo tender, or whoſe Smile ſo gay:
Go aſk of all—and learn from every tear,
The Good how honour'd, and the Kind how dear.

Stoke, Surrey.

1800. *Elizabeth Chudleigh.*

Smitten friends!
Are angels ſent on errands full of love:
For us they languiſh, & for us they die:
And ſhall they languiſh, ſhall they die in vain?
Ungrateful ſhall we grieve their hov'ring ſhades,
Which wait the reformation in our hearts?
Shall we diſdain their ſilent, ſoft addreſs,
Their poſthumous advice, & pious prayer?

Cattiſtocke, Dorſet.

APPENDIX.

1613. *Jane Gee. The Latin verſion accidentally omitted at p.* 53.

EPICEDIUM EDWARDI GEE HVJVS ECCLESIÆ IN
OBITV CHARISSIMÆ SVÆ CONJVGIS IANÆ GEE QVÆ OBIIT
VIGESIMO PRIMO DIE SEPTEMBRIS 1613

O MIHI SI NVMQVAM TAEDAS TETIGISSE JVGALES
CONTIGERAT MISERO LVX MEA JANA JACET
VIX DVO LVSTRA SIMVL SVAVISSIMA DUXIMVS & MORS
INVIDA SVRRIPVIT LVX MEA JANA JACET
JANA JACES CVI NEC SIMILIS FIDISSIMA CONJVX
ADMETI: NEC PAR VXOR VLISSIS ERAT
FŒMINA NVLLA VIRI NEC PROLIS AMANTIOR VNQVAM
TE PIA NULLA MAGIS, NVLLA PVDICA MAGIS
ERGO ANIMA O FŒLIX AETERNA PACE QVIESCAS
IN CŒLIS VBI NVNC REGNA BEATA COLIS
AT TVA JANA MEIS LABETVR IMAGO MEDVLLIS
QVVM FERA DESTITVIT GRAMINA PISCIS AQVAS
NON VIRIDI POSTHAC INNIXVS FRONDE SIDERA
SED VELVTI AMISSA COMPARE TVRTVR ERO.

The following Epitaphs came to hand too late for inſertion in their proper places.

1596. — *Skerne.*

If each thing's end^e do each thing's worth expreſs,
What is man's life, bvt uagve vnperfectneſs.
How ſwiftly rvnne we to ovr fatall ende,
Which haue no hope, if death be not ovr friend.

I *Skerne* doe ſhew, that all ovr earthly trvſt,
All earthly fayers, and goods, and ſweetes are dvſt.
Looke on ye worlde's inſide, and looke on mee;
Here ovtſide is bvt painted vanitie.

Bere-Regis, Dorſet.

1633. *John Starre.*

JOHN STARRE.
Starr on hie!
Where ſhould a Starr be
But on hie?
Tho underneath
He now doth lie
Sleepinge in Duſt
Yet ſhall he riſe
More glorious than
The Starres in ſkies.
1 6 3 3.

Seaton, Devon.

1642. *Sir Edward Giles.*

No trvſt to metals nor to marbles when
Theſe have their fate and wear away as men:
Times, titles, trophies, may be loſt and ſpent:
Bvt vertve rears th' eternall monvment.
What more than theſe can tombs and tombſtones pay?
Bvt here's the ſvnſet of a tediovs day;
Theſe two aſleep are, I'll bvt be vndreſt
And ſoe to bed; pray wiſh vs all good reſt.

Dean Prior, Devon.

[*Recorded by Prince, now illegible.*]

1642. *Elizabeth Oldfield.*

Here is the wardrobe of my dufty clothes,
Which hands divine fhall brufh, and make foe gay
That my immortal foule fhall put them on,
And weare the fame vpon my Wedding Daye;
In which attire my Lord fhall me convoy
Then to the Lodginge of eternal ioy.

Chipping-Sodbury, Glouc.

1643. *Robert Caunter, Gent.*

His piovs fovle wrapt in diftemper'd earth,
Was now prepared for a fecond birth;
He ftraight afcending the caeleftial fpheres,
Caft off her mantle, and hath left it here.

Afhburton, Devon.

1650. *Mary Elford.*

TO THE MEMORIE OF
MARY THE THIRD WIFE OF JOHN ELFORD OF SHITSTOR, Efq., WAS HERE INTERRED FEBR. ye 16 A° 1642, HAVING ISSUE AT A BIRTH MARY & SARAH

Wed. poefie

AS MARYES CHOYCE MADE IOHN REIOYCE below

Soe was her loffe his heauie croffe moft know
Yet loft fhe is not fure but found aboue
Death gaue her life t'imbrace A dearer loue.

Anagr. {MARY ELFORD} {FEAR MY LORD}

Then FEAR MY LORD whilft yet y^u mou'ft on mold
That foe thofe arms that mee may thee infold
Neer twelue moneths day her maridge heer did pafs
Her heauenly nuptiall confummated was
She fertile prou'd in foule and bodye both
In life good workes at death fhe twyns brought forth

And like A fruitfull tree with bearing dy'd
Yet Phoenix like for one there two ſuruiued
Which ſhortly poſted their deare mother after
Leaſt this contagion their poore ſoules might ſlaughter
Then ceaſe your ſad laments I am but gone
To reape aboue what I below haue ſowne.

A° aetat}{VIXIT OBIIT SVPERIS[1]

MARIA GALE IOHANNIS ELFORD VXOR TERTIA
HEV OBIIT EX PVERPERIO}{ERECTUM FUIT A° 1650.

Widdecombe-in-the-Moor, Devon.

[1] *This line gives her age,* 25; *the two following lines the date of her death,* 1642.

1662. *Edward Gould & Margaret his wife.*

Death ſpar'd not MARGARET,
Although a PEARL in GOULDE ſoe nicely ſet.

Staverton, Devon.

1669. *Robert Roch* (1625) *& John Antrem.*

The bodys here of two Divines embrace,
Both which were once the Paſtors of this place:
And if their corps each other ſeem to greet,
What will they do when ſoule and body meet?

Elton, Dorſet.

1672. *Elizabeth Laurence.*

Goodneſs in heaven gave a birth
In her to goodneſs here on earth;
And having time long-with her bleſt,
Took her to heaven there to reſt.
Goodneſs on earth doth now in mourning go,
Becauſe ſhe hath no pattern here below.

Wraxhall, Dorſet.

1672. *Rev. Richard Ham.*

In memoriam RICH. HAM hujus Eccleſiae quondam Paſtoris, qui in Muſaeo, Lectioni, Precebus et Jejuniis incumbens, Spiritum ejus efflavit die ſexto Septembris, 1672.

Conditur hoc tumulo corpus venerabilis HAMI
HAMI quo piſces Chriſtus captabat acuti
Quamvis nunc vili cubat ipſe rubigine plenus
Attamen (ex putredine) clarus in aethera ſurget.

Ipplepen, Devon.

The two following Epitaphs, though later than 1800, *ſeem too curious to be rejected.*

Many perſons probably will be glad to be preſented to the real "Lady O'Looney," with whom I myſelf became acquainted only in February, 1877, *during a caſual viſit to her place of reſt.*

1802. *George Rongleigh.*

Here lies in a horizontal poſition
The outſide caſe of GEORGE RONGLEIGH, Watchmaker,
Whoſe abilities in that line were an honor
to his profeſſion:
Integrity was the Mainſpring
and Prudence the Regulator
of all the actions of his life;
Humane, generous, and liberal,
His Hand never ſtopped
Till he had relieved diſtreſs:
So nicely were all his Actions regulated
That he never went wrong,
Except when ſet a going
By People
Who did not know his key:
Even then he was eaſily ſet right again.
He had the art of diſpoſing his time ſo well

That his hours glided away
In one continual round
of pleaſure and delight,
Till an unlucky minute put a period to
His exiſtence.
He departed this life November 14th, 1802,
aged 57;
Wound up
In hopes of being taken in hand
by his Maker,
And of being thoroughly cleaned and repaired,
And ſet a going
In the world to come.

Lydford, Devon.

[*Copied June*, 1857.]

1839. *Mrs. Jane Molony.* ("*Lady O'Looney.*")[1]

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. JANE MOLONY
WHO LIES INTERRED IN A VAULT UNDERNEATH THIS CHAPEL
DAUGHTER OF ANTONY SHEE OF CASTLE BAR IN THE COUNTY OF MAYO ESQRE
WHO WAS MARRIED TO MISS BURKE OF CURRY IN THE SAID COUNTY
AND COUSIN TO THE RT HONBLE EDMOND BURKE COMMONLY CALLED THE SUBLIME
WHOSE BUST IS HERE SURMOUNTED OR SUBJOINED
THE SAID JANE WAS COUSIN TO THE LATE COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
AND WAS MARRIED TO THREE SUCCESSIVE HUSBANDS FIRST STUART ESQRE
COUSIN TO THE LATE MARQUIS OF BUTE; SECONDLY TO WILLIAM COLLINS JACKSON

[1] *In a very mutilated form this epitaph has long been current as that of "Lady O'Looney," & was ſaid to be found at* Pewſey, Wilts.

OF LANGLEY LODGE IN THE COUNTY OF BUCKS FORMERLY MILITARY SECRETARY
TO THE HON: EAST INDIA COMPANY IN INDIA ESQRE
THIRDLY EDMOND MOLONY OF CLONONY CASTLE KING'S COUNTY IRELAND ESQRE
BARRISTER AT LAW AND LATE, OF WOODLANDS IN THE COUNTY OF DUBLIN
COUSIN TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, WHO IS BROTHER IN LAW OF THE
PRESENT EARL OF SHREWSBURY AND ALSO COUSIN OF LORD VISCOUNT DILLON
OF COSTOLLO AND GALLON IN THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND
THE FIRST WIFE OF THE SAID EDMOND MOLONY WAS JANE MALONE
WHO IS INTERRED IN THE DEMESNE OF BARINSTOWN
IN THE COUNTY OF WESTMEATH WITH HER
BROTHER IN LAW ANTONY MALONE ESQRE, AND ALSO WITH HER COUSINS LORD SUNDERLIN
AND HIS PREDECEASED BROTHER EDMOND MALONE COMMONLY CALLED
SHAKSPEAR MALONE LATE OF QUEEN ANNE STREET EAST LONDON
SHE WAS DAUGHTER OF SERGEANT RICHARD MALONE AN EMINENT LAWYER AND
A GREAT STATESMAN WHO POSSESSED GREAT ESTATES IN THE SAID KING'S COUNTY
AND NIECE TO THE RT. HONBLE ANTONY MALONE DECEASED WHO WAS GREATLY
REGRETTED OF WHOM IT WAS SAID BY ONE OF THE MOST ELEGANT WRITERS
OF THE DAY THAT HE POSSESSED ONE OF THE SWEETEST TONGUES THAT EVER UTTERED THE DICTATES OF REASON
HE WAS A GREAT PATRIOT AND REFUSED THE GREAT SEALS OF IRELAND THE SITUATION
BEING AT THE PLEASURE OF THE CROWN WHILE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER
OF IRELAND FROM WHICH HE WAS REMOVED WITHOUT CAUSE OR HIS OWN CONSENT

HE AVAILED HIMSELF OF THE JUDICIAL PLACE ATTACHED TO IT
AND SAT ON THE BENCH ABOVE THE CHIEF BARON AND DECIDED
MANY CASES
WHICH GAVE GENERAL SATISFACTION AND HIS DECREES WERE
NEVER QUESTIONED
HE DIED 1776 AGED 76
THE SAID MRS MOLONY OTHERWISE MALONE DIED AT SAID
WOODLANDS
IN FEBRUARY 1808 AGED 59
THE SAID MRS MOLONY OTHERWISE SHEE DIED IN LONDON IN
JANUARY 1839
AGED 74
SHE WAS HOT PASSIONATE AND TENDER
AND A HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED LADY AND A SUPERB DRAWER
IN WATER COLOURS WHICH WAS MUCH ADMIRED IN THE
EXHIBITION ROOM IN
SOMERSET HOUSE SOME YEARS PAST
"THOUGH LOST FOR EVER, YET A FRIEND IS DEAR
THE HEART YET PAYS A TRIBUTARY TEAR."
THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY HER DEEPLY AFFLICTED
HUSBAND THE
SAID EDMOND MOLONY IN MEMORY OF HER GREAT VIRTUES
AND TALENTS
BELOVED AND DEEPLY REGRETTED BY ALL WHO KNEW HER
FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Chapel of S. George's Burying Ground, London, W.

[*Copied May*, 1877.]

INDEX OF NAMES AND PLACES.

Abſton, 152.
Acton, 24.
Adane, R., 9.
Adlam, Rev. R., 125.
Airay, Rev. H., 59.
Aldeborough, 28.
Aldenham, 127.
Alderſley, W., 177.
Aldworth, Richard, 45.
Aleſſe, Thomas, 22.
Allen, Ann, 118.
Allington, Eaſt, 117.
„ *Weſt*, 157.
Almondſbury, 163.
Alton-Priors, 36.
Alwington, 104.
Anderſon, James, 135.
Andrews, Ann, 59.
Angell, Mary, 136.
Antrem, J., 182.
Arbroath, 141.
Arlington, 70.
Archer, J., 166.
Archer, G. and A., 144.
Arreton, 9, 63, 64.
Arundell, Marya, 75.
Aſh, Ann, 96.
Aſh, William, 176.
Aſhburton, 86, 101, 181.
Aſke, J., 146.
Atherington, 117.
Aughton, 116.
Auſtin, Richard, 156.
Auſtin, Samuel and Mary, 156.
Avebury, 39.
Averham, 91.
Awood, Robert, 153.
Axbridge, 166.
Ayleſbury, 156.

Babraham, 44.
Baby, Abraham, 143.
Bailey, Annis, 97.
Bakenham, 65.
Bakewell, 162.
Balquhidder, 128.
Banbury, 98, 112.
Banham, 131.
Bannatine, Thomas, 82.
Bardſey, 130.
Baret, J., 12.
Barford, 33.
Barker, J., 171.
Barkers, A., 171.
Barking, 124.
Barkland, R. and E., 170.
Barnſtaple, 95, 101, 111.
Barnwell, 168.
Barrow-on-Soar, 32.
Bartlot, L., 13.
Baſnett, Miſs, 160.
Baſſet, J. & S., 115.
Baſtel, G., 37.
Bath Abbey, 59, 159, 164.
Baxter, R., 175.
Bayntun, Sir E., 30.
Beaple, Richard, 95.
Bedingfield, Elizabeth, 85.
Belſyre, Alexander, 27.
Beneſtede, Andrew, 21.
Benſon, William, 45.
Bere-Regis, 180.

Bergholt, Eaſt, 98.
Berkeley, 80.
Berridge, Rev. J., 174.
Berry Narbor, 100.
Berry Pomeroy, 36.
Beſt, R., 76.
Betteſthorne, J., 4.
Beverley, 120.
Bewes, Cheſten, 128.
Bewfforeſte, R., 18.
Bicton, 89.
Bigbury, 52.
Bilbie, J., 166.
Bird, J., 24.
Birmingham, 171.
Biſhopſgate, S. Helen, 26, 39, 84, 123, 126, 159.
Biſley, 19.
Biſſey, J., 168.
Bittadon, 136.
Blackford, Daniel, 128.
Blatherwcyke, 82.
Blewitt, R. & M., 57.
Blidworth, 48.
Blount, C., 25.
Boles, Rev. R., 133.
Bolles, George, 78.
Bolſover, 66.
Bond, A., 29.
Bonner, J., 62.
Bontfant, R., 12.
Borrows, William, 142.
Bourchier, W., 68.
Bradfield, 118.
Bradley, Little, 32.
Brancepeth, 176.
Branſcombe, 113.
Braunſton, 142.
Braunton, 138.
Bridge Solers, 140.
Brightwell-Baldwin, 4, 132.
Brimleis, J., 29.
Brinckhurſt, J., 31.
Briſtol, All Saints, 94.
,, *Cathedral*, 165, 169.
,, *S. Michael*, 96.
,, *S. Werburgh*, 77.
Bromfield, Lucy, 62.
Bromham, 30, 88.
Brook, T., 89.
Brough, 134.
Broughton-Gifford, 65.
Brown, Charles, 158.
Brown, Humphrey, 77.
Browne, R., 28.
Browning, J. & A., 164.
Brownrigg, Chriſtopher, 116.
Bunhill Fields Cemetery, 137, 139, 144.
Burford, 10, 72.
Burgoin, William, 70.
Burgoyne, T., 19.
Burnham, 31.
Burſted, Little, 119.
Burton, J., 12.
Burton, Robert, 91.
Bury S. Edmund's, 13.
Buſshead, 11.
Buſhley, 106.
Button, W., 36.
Byrkes, R., 30.

Cæſar, Sir Julius, 84.
Caius, Dr., 29.
Calbourne, 106.
Caldwell, Florens, 35.
Caldwell, L. & M., 73.
Calmady, Shilſton, 95.
Calverleigh, 88, 108.
Cambridge, 29.
Camfield, G. & B., 122.
Campbell, Iſobel, 128.
Candel, Biſhop's, 176.
,, *Stourton*, 148.
Canford, Great, 170.
Cannings, Biſhop's, 173.
Cantelowe, Margaret, 14.
Canterbury, 3, 17.
Cantley, 145.
Carew, Thomas & A., 111.
Cariſbrooke, 64.
Cartmell, 41.
Cattiſtocke, 177.
Caunter, Robert, 181.
Cave, Theo., 32.
Cavendiſh, Sir C., 61.
Cerne Abbas, 142.

Chagford, 93.
Chamberlayne, R., 27.
Chambers, T., 165.
Cheltenham, 91.
Chester, J., 92.
Chichele, W., 8.
Chicheley, 92.
Chipping-Sodbury, 181.
Chishull, J., 95.
Chittlehampton, 121.
Chudleigh, Elizabeth, 177.
Clarke, Ann, 153.
Clarke, R., 131.
Clutterbuck, F., 146.
Clyst S. George, 58.
Coffer, J., 33.
Coffin, Richard, 104.
Cobham, 2.
Cobham, Joan de, 2.
Cofton-Hackett, 160.
Coggeshall, 19.
Cole, Humphrey, 71.
Cole, Laurence, 124.
Colemore, Sarah, 105.
Colkirk, 114.
Collingbourne Ducis, 78.
Colwell, R., 21.
Colyton, 121.
Conway, 86.
Cook, J. J., 163.
Cooke, Anthony, 55.
Coombes, Benjamin, 175.
Cople, 21.
Corbett, Elizabeth, 149.
Cordell, Edward, 78.
Cornhill, S. Michael, 19, 73.
Cornwallis, Edward, 20.
Cotes, T., 99.
Courtenay, Edward, 7.
Courtney, Mary, 110.
Cressy, J. & J., 16.
Cripps, Mary, 144.
Croke, Frances, 46.
Crowche, W., 60.
Croyland, 143.
Crudwell, 127.
Cruse, G. & T., 101.
Cupper, Elizabeth, 149.
Curry, 138.
Curson, M., 50.
Cutcliffe, Charles & Grace, 87.

Dagenham, 75.
Dain, Joseph, 158.
Dale, J., 161.
Dalton-in-Furness, 116.
Dalusse, R., 13.
Danvers, Anne, 22.
Darrisdeer, 131.
Dart, Rose, 107.
Dartmouth, 49, 88, 146.
Dauntesey, 22.
Day, Rev. J., 67.
Daye, J., 32.
Dean Prior, 180.
Deney, Anne, 119.
Denham, W., 31.
Dent, R., 144.
Dickes, Rev. J., 80.
Digby, Robert & Mary, 151.
Dinton, 79, 147.
Dobins, Benjamin, 163.
Dockett, J. & Mary, 160.
Doddridge, Dorothea, 58.
Doncaster, 30.
Dorchester, 18, 25.
Drax, W., 123.
Duloe, 75.
Dunch, Captain, 139.
Dunche, Anne, 74.
Dunchon, 103.
Dunheved, S. Stephen, 150.
Dunkerton, 80.
Dunton, 95.
Durham Cathedral, 29.
Durston, Rev. J., 150.
Dypforde, Henry, 36.

Earth, Roger, 79.
Easingwold, 156.
Edinburgh, 83.
Edmonton, 138.
Edward the Black Prince, 3.
Edwards, Abraham, 103.
Edwards, Izan, 55.
Eedes, Dean, 46.

Egham, 29.
Ela, Abbefs, 1.
Elford, Mary, 181.
Elgin, 133.
Elingham, 43.
Elmore, 14.
Elmfet, 50.
Elton, 182.
Englifh, Dr., 91.
Englifhcombe, 132.
Epworth, 154.
Ercall-Magna, 171.
Efton, J., 26.
Evance, Rev. D , 106.
Everleigh, 102.
Everton, 174.
Ewerne Minfter, 147, 162.
Exeter, 58, 109.
Eyer, T., 31.
Eykyn, J., 153.
Eyre, Elizabeth, 88.

Fabian, R., 18.
Farmington, 153.
Father and Son, 113.
Ferrar, Anne, 55.
Ferris, Richard, 101.
Feverfham, 21.
Filleigh, 27.
Finch, W., 126.
Finedon, 144.
Flamfted, 6.
Flavel, Rev. T., 129.
Fletcher, Rev. Jofeph, 86.
Flint, A., 20.
Flood, Frances, 149.
Folkeftone, 132.
Ford, Mary, 172.
Ford, Thomas, 112.
Forrabury, 125.
Fortefcue Family, 71.
Fortefcue, R., 27.
Fofter, Rev. J., 169.
Fowey, 110.
Foxe, Emma, 28.
Freeborne, A. & D., 113.
Freeman, Robert, 106.
Frettenham, 7.
Frivile, Sir J. de, 2.
Fry, Frances, 148.
Furlong, Elizabeth, 93.

Gabetis, T., 134.
Garden, Walter, 20.
Gardiner, Roger, 113.
Gaye, W., 105.
Geddington, 76, 97.
Gee, Jane, 53, 179.
Geedes, J. & I., 133.
Geers, J., 139.
Gibfon, A., 51.
Gibfon, Nicholas, 24.
Giffard, Mrs. Grace, 121.
Gilbert, R., 145.
Giles, Sir Edward, 180.
Glafgow, 51.
Glouceftcr, *S. Katharine*, 150.
Goldwyre, W., 19.
Goldfmith, Thomas, 145.
Goodyere, Sir H., 46.
Gorges, T. & R., 126.
Gould, Edward & Mary, 182.
Gourd, Katharine, 125.
Graye, Robert, 81.
Gregor, Rebeka, 170.
Greenhill, Rev. Nicholas, 132.
Grefham, Maurice, 97.
Grey, T., 21.
Grimftone, Edward, 42.
Grove, Hugh, 109.
Grylls, Grace, 85.
Guildsfield, 167.
Guley, J., 160.
Gundrada, 1.
Gyfe, J., 14.

Haccombe, 111, 131.
Hadleigh, 76, 142.
Hadley, 46.
Halke, Agnes, 17.
Hall, Sufanna, 102.
Halvergate, 16.
Ham, Rev. Richard, 183.
Hamilton, 120.
Handborough, 27.
Harborne, 172.

Harding, Philip, 127.
Hardy, J. & E., 74.
Harford, 27.
Harris, T., 86.
Harrifon, Anne, 156.
Hart, J., 176.
Hartland, 47, 136.
Hartlep, 170.
Haftings, 158.
Hathaway, Anne, 67.
Hawles, Harry, 9.
Haydon, Sarah, 66.
Hayne, J., 175.
Heanton-Punchardon, 105, 115.
Heavitree, 126.
Hellierd, J., 69.
Hellierd, Nathaniel, 103.
Heminge, Thomas, 142.
Henfield, 79.
Herne, 21, 85.
Herrenden, J., 28.
Higgs, Rev. G., 140.
Higham-Ferrars, 2, 8.
Hill, Michael, 118.
Hill, T., 13.
Holcombe-Rogus, 57.
Holdfworth, Mary, 72.
Holmes, Thomas, 137.
Holt, 97, 168.
Honiton, 151.
Hookes, N., 86.
Hooper, Richard, 169.
Horndon, Eaft, 135.
Horrox, Jeremiah, 94.
Horfepoole, Rev. J., 8.
Horfham, 137.
Horfwell, Ann, 42.
Howfe, J. &c., 135.
Huddersfield, 89.
Huddesfield, Katherine, 16.
Hunftanton, 108.
Hurfley, 42.
Hyde, L., 36.

Ickford, 155.
Ideley, Pers, 25.
Ightham, 92.
Ilford, Great, 14.
Ilfracombe, 87, 110, 116, 160, 163.
Ilfington, 112.
Ipplepen, 183.
Ipfwich, 139.
Iron-Acton, 7.
Ifle of Man, 117, 172.
Iver, 56.

Jarret, J., 73.
Jeffery, Daniel, 157.
Jefus Chapel, 23.
John ye Smith, 4.
Johnfon, T., 176.
Jones, Humphrey, 155.
Judd, Sir A., 26.

Kay, Chriftopher, 134.
Keeling, W., 64.
Keene, Deborah, 138.
Kelfhall, 9.
Kempley, 162.
Kendal, 74.
Kenne, 86.
Kenton, 108.
Kerfwell, Abbot's, 90.
Kerwin, R., 58.
Kerwin, W., 39.
Killyleagh, 124.
King's Teignton, 125.
Knarefdale, 175.
Knook, 38.
Knowler, J., 85.
Knowles, T., 6.

Lacock, 1.
"Lady O'Looney," 184.
Lambe, Edward, 98.
Lambe, William, 23.
Landkey, 97.
Langford, 135.
Launcefton, 121, 128.
Laurence, Elizabeth, 182.
Laurence, Gabriel, 67.
Laurence, G. & S., 104.
Lavenham, 137.
Leake, T., 48.
Legh-Delamere, 164.
Leigh, Elizabeth, 63.

Leigh, Elizabeth & Gertrude, 63.
Leſlie, 144, 158.
Ley, Joan, 163.
Leybourne, Rebecca, 159.
Lillington, 124.
Lincoln, 11.
Lindridge, 69, 112, 120.
Lingham, Ann, 170.
Lifter, C., 130.
Liverpool, 94.
Llanbelig, 165.
Longe, Robert, 65.
LONDON:—
All-Hallows, Barking, 59.
„ *Bread Street*, 75.
„ *Lombard Street*, 37, 55.
Chriſt Church, Bridewell, 44.
S. Alban, Wood Street, 51.
S. Andrew, Holborn, 45.
S. Ann in the Willows, 28.
S. Antholin, 6.
S. Bartholomew the Great, 93.
S. Benet, Paul's Wharf, 124.
„ *Sherehog*, 55.
S. Botolph, Alderſgate, 52.
S. Dunſtan in the Weſt, 8, 13, 60, 78.
S. Edmund, Lombard Street, 15.
S. Faith, 23.
S. George's Burying Ground, 186.
S. Giles, Cripplegate, 104.
S. Helen, Biſhopſgate, 26, 39, 84, 123, 126, 159.
S. John Zachary, 54.
S. Katharine Cree, 46.
S. Leonard, Foſter Lane, 20, 157.
„ *Shoreditch*, 38.
S. Margaret, Lothbury, 65.
„ *Weſtminſter*, 20, 149.
S. Martin, Ludgate, 35.
„ *Vintry*, 8, 13.
S. Mary Aldermary, 25.
„ *Summerſett*, 60.
S. Mary Magdalene, Milk Street, 49.
S. Matthew, Friday Street, 41.
S. Michael Baſſiſhaw, 12.
„ *Cornhill*, 19, 73.
„ *Eaſtcheap*, 152.
S. Mildred, Poultry, 30.
S. Nicholas Olave, 11.
S. Nicholas Cole Abbey, 45.
S. Olave, Hart Street, 37.
„ *Jewry*, 27.
„ *Southwark*, 45.
S. Pancras, 155, 160.
S. Pancrate, Soper's Lane, 56.
S. Paul's, 34.
S. Saviour's, Southwark, 73.
S. Stephen, Coleman Street, 51.
S. Swithin, Cannon Street, 78.
S. Thomas, Southwark, 26.
Love, Rev. Samuel, 169.
Low, Dr., 51.
Loweſloft, 118, 167.
Lupton, Margaret, 147.
Luton, 17, 19.
Luttrell, Nicholas, 47.
Lydford, 184.

Mably, J. & A., 131.
Maker, 171.
Maldon, 10.
Manfield, R., 10.
Manners, Sir R., 79.
Marlborough, 28.
Marſhall, James, 143.
Marſhall, J., 11.
Marſhfield, 66.
Martyn, Sir N., 108.
Maſham, 134.
Maſon, Mary, 165.
Maſon, William, 90.
Maton, Children of J. & A., 168.
Maule, Mary, 115.
McMichel, Daniel, 131.
Meekie, Andrew, 138.
Melroſe, 158.
Membury, 95, 149.
Mere, 4.
Meredeth, 66.
Merrett, T., 122.
Mickleham, 29, 62.
Micolt, J., 8.
Middleton, Anne, 41.
Milton, Great, 109.
Milton, Kent, 22.
Mimms, North, 141.

Miſerden, 150.
Molony, Mrs. Jane, 184.
Monkleigh, 105.
Moor, J., 90.
Morchard-Biſhop, 135.
More, of Norwich, 43.
More, Richard, 6.
More, T., 124.
Moreton, South, 6.
Morgan, George, 167.
Morgan, J. & E., 38.
Mortimer, Maud de, 2.
Moſoke, Henry, 116.
Mountague, Catherine, 52.
Mullyon, 129.
Muſgrave, J., 130.

Nailſea, 77.
Naſh, "Beau," 164.
Nettlecombe, 130.
Newberry, W., 138.
Newland, 167.
Newnham, 162.
Newton, Joſeph, 166.
Nordell, R., 15.
Northleach, 14.
Norwich, S. Giles, 85.
„ *S. Gregory*, 41.
„ *S. John Maddermarket*, 47.
„ *S. Peter*, 21.

Oakham, 143.
Ockham, 154, 155, 159.
Okehampton, 48.
Oken, T., 28.
Okey, Samuel, 144.
Oldfield, Elizabeth, 181.
Omberſley, 149.
Ombury, 77.
Orgen, J., 37.
Ormſby, Great, 10.
Orwell, 69.
Oſborne, Juliana, 58.
Ottery S. Mary, 61, 66.
Oundeley, J., 6.
Overbury, Sir T., 57.
Oxford Cathedral, 91.
„ *New College*, 13.
Oxford, Queen's, 59.
Oxhill, 128.

Paget, William, 98.
Palavicene, Horatio, 44.
Palmer, T., 5.
Parker, &c., 120.
Parminter, Catherine, 116.
Parr, Thomas, 81.
Parſons, Henry, 103.
Pattiſon, Suſan, 142.
Payne, T., 159.
Paynter, J., 22.
Pearſe, J. & J., 52.
Pemberton, Sir J., 54.
Penell, Edward, 112, 120.
Penell, W., 68.
Penſhurſt, 58.
Peterborough Cathedral, 40.
Petre, Thomaſin, 48.
Pewſey, 156, 169.
Philips, C. C., 152.
Philips, Suſanna, 174.
Phillips, T., 155.
Pierce, T., 80.
Pilton, 175.
Pinner, 67.
Plymouth, 159.
Point'z, Robert, 7.
Poticary, Elizabeth, 35.
Potterne, 146, 172.
Poyntz, Edward, 136.
Preſton, R., 152.
Prince, Elizabeth, 110.
Prittlewell, 113.
Puckering, Cicely, 84.
Puſey, 119.
Pye, Gamaliel, 44.
Pyndar, T. & E., 162.
Pytt, Dorothy, 77.

Rainham, 22.
Rainsford, Meneleb, 79.
Ramſay, James, 158.
Ramſbury, 2.
Randall, J., 140.
Randall, Katherine, 99.
Randall, Richard, 60.

Randolph, T., 82.
Raper, H., 150.
Rathbone, Charles, 158.
Read, W., 11.
Reed, J., 17.
Reſon, Ellen, 76.
Reynell, Lady, 107.
Reynell, R. & L., 80.
Richards, Richard, 112.
Richardſon, Rev. R., 124.
Rideout, William, 172.
Ripon, 147, 150, 163, 167, 173.
Riſhangles, 43.
Rivers, James, 93.
Road, 69, 103.
Roberts, Barne, 51.
Robinſon, J., 127.
Roch, Robert, 182.
Rogers, Rebecca, 132.
Rolle, Denys, 89.
Rongleigh, George, 183.
Roope, J., 48.
Roſewell, J., 132.
Roſier, J., 114.
Royſton, Sarah, 173.
Ruddle, Sarah, 121.
Rumbold, Stephen, 132.
Ruſſell, Rev. R., 109.
Rutter, Biſhop, 117.
Rychards, J., 53.

Saliſbury, 34, 168.
Salter, Lady Mary, 56.
Saltford, 149.
Sandys, Mary, 41.
Savage, Robert & Chriſtine, 11.
Scalys, Lady, 16.
Scarleit, R., 40.
Seaton, 181.
Selby Abbey, 166.
Selby, Dorothy, 92.
Sewell, Catherine, 19.
Shakſpeare, William, 60.
Sheffield, 166.
Shelford, Little, 2.
Shepherd, Jane, 167.
Shepherd, Sir James, 151.
Sherborne Abbey, 151.
Sherland, Edward, 50.
Sherman, J., 61.
Shillingford, 16.
Shrewſbury, 158.
Shrowton, 172.
Sidbury, 61, 103.
Sidney, Sir Philip, 34.
Simpſon, Jeremiah, 147.
Skerne, —, 179.
Skory, Elizabeth, 38.
Skypwith, Richard, 6.
Slaugham, 18.
Slimbridge, 154.
Smith, Iſaac, 173.
Smith, L., 45.
Smyth, Sir J., 14.
Smyth, John y^e, 4.
Snodland, 5.
Soham, 94.
Sommers, Joſeph, 142.
Sothertone, T., 47.
Southcote, G., T. & M., 88.
Southcott, Amias, 86.
Southcott, G., 108.
South Hill, 118.
Southover, 1.
Southwark, S. Olave, 45.
„ *S. Saviour*, 73.
„ *S. Thomas*, 26.
Spearing, J., 160.
Spong, J., 155.
Spycer, J., 9.
Stalbridge, 174.
Stanford, 141.
Stanley, Sir T., 43.
Staplehill, Gilbert, 88.
Staples, W., 104.
Starre, J., 181.
Staverton, 182.
S. Alban's, 5, 7.
S. Croſs, 104.
S. Decuman's, 40.
S. Enoder, 131.
S. Ervan, 109.
S. German's, 117.
S. John, W., 2.
S. Maur, Edward, 78.
S. Maur, Laurence de, 2.

S. Winnion, 145.
Stephens, Edmund, 145.
Stepney, 24, 136, 139.
Stewart, J., 168.
Stock, Rev. R., 75.
Stockton, 35.
Stoke-in-Teignhead, 93.
Stoke S. Nectan, 47, 136, 148.
Stoke, South, 140.
Stoke, (*Surrey*,) 177.
Stokenham, 99.
Stone, 12.
Stone, J., 61.
Stone, Sir W., 49.
Stoneham, North, 143, 160.
„ *South*, 72.
Stourton-Candel, 148.
Strange, Edward, 152.
Strange, Hamon de, 108.
Stratford-on-Avon, 60, 67, 102.
Strathmartin, 135.
Streatham, 15.
Stroud, 146.
Stydolf, J., 29.
Sutton, Anthony, 25.
Sutton, Sir W., 91.
Swift, Richard, 65.
Swimbridge, 114.

Tanfield, Sir L., 72.
Taplow, 11.
Taunton, 81.
Tawstock, 68, 99.
Tawton, Bishop's, 107.
Taylor, J. & B., 65.
Tear, Daniel, 172.
Tedburn, 53.
Teignton, King's, 125.
Tenby, 90.
Tesdale, Susanna, 102.
Tetbury, 144.
Tewkesbury, 122, 176.
Thistleworth, 25.
Thornburgh, E., 41.
Thorndon, Alys, 7.
Thorpe, 32.
Thundridge, 113.
Thurston, 119.
Thwaites, Francis, 141.
Tichfield, 62.
Tiddeswell, 33.
Tilky, 2. – Essex
Tillingham, 71.
Tilly, Mary, 147.
Timperley, Nicholas, 114.
Tintagel, 142.
Tisbury, 36.
Tiverton, 7, 153.
Tong, 43.
Tooker, Mrs. Amy, 111.
Totnes, 85.
Trapp, Rev. Dr., 157.
Trappis, Robert, 20.
Travers, Mary, 56.
Truslowe, J., 38.
Tully, Richard, 150.
Tunstall, Bryan, 173.
Turar, T , 94.
Turvey, 53.
Tuffer, T., 30.
Tyer, Ralph, 74.
Tyrrell, Martha, 135.

Urswyk, Christopher, 18.

Vange, 115.
Velley, Captain, 136.
Venard, Anne, 34.
Vernor, James, 159.
Vicary, Ludovicus, 117.
Vincent, Lady, 96.
Vincent, Nathaniel, 139.
Vine, J., 143.

Walker, Alice, 33.
Walker, T., 37.
Wally, J., 59.
Walrond, Sir W., 118.
Walsch, Sir T., 4.
Waltham Abbey, 16.
„ *Great*, 44.
Walton, G., 119.
Walton, Izaac, 129.
Wanlep, 4.
Ward, Charles, 167.
Ward, Dr., 94.

Ward, Miſs Mary, 161.
Warmington, G., 150.
War wick, 28, 84.
Waterhous, Tobie, 70.
Waterpery, 50.
Weare, R., 28.
Wear Gifford, 71.
Weles, J., 137.
Welton, 147.
Wenman, R., 17.
Weſley, Rev. Samuel, 154.
Weſt, Griſell, 141.
Weſt, William, 157.
Weſtcott, Mary, 100.
Weſt Down, 176.
Weſtminſter Abbey, 67.
,, *S. Margaret*, 20, 149.
Weſton, R., 171.
Whateley, William, 98.
Wheffen, Suſanna, 176.
Wheeler, Hannah, 135.
Widdecombe in the Moor, 182.
Whiddon, Mary, 93.
White, R., 77.
White, W., 119.
Whitnaſh, 133.
Whittle, J. & Deborah, 148.
Whitwell, 70, 79, 122.
Wilbraham, Great, 161.
Wilby, 86.
Wilcock, H., 148.
Wilkinſon, Wife of Dr., 109.
Willaſton, Great, 81.
Willett, Annabella, 170.
Williams, D., 167.
Williams, Rev. J., 121.
Williams, T., 26.
Wilton, 33.
Wincheſter Cathedral, 129.
Windham, J. & F., 40.
Windſor, 18, 169.
Wing, 99.
Wittenham, Little, 74.
Wood, Elizabeth, 117.
Wood, R. & J., 10.
Woodbridge, 170, 175.
Woodhurſt, 173.
Woolborough, 80, 107.
Wolford, Great, 140.
Wolverhampton, 152.
Wolverton, 157.
Worceſter Cathedral, 46.
,, *S. Andrew*, 171.
Wrangle, 17.
Wraxhall, 182.
Wyatt, Jane, 162.
Wyſeman, T., 44.

Yerbury, T., 162.
Yoxford, 55.

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